

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1333.—December 18, 1869.

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TO-DAY.

An, real Thing of bloom and breath,
I cannot love you while you stay;
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!

Let empty flower-dust at my feet
Remind me of the buds you wear;
Let the birds' quiet show how sweet
The far-off singing made the air;
And let your dew thro' frost look fair.

In mourning you I shall rejoice.
Go: for the bitter word may be
A music — in the vanquished voice;
And on the dead face I may see
How bright its frown has been to me.

Then in the haunted grass I'll sit,
Half tearful in your withered place,
And watch your lovely shadow flit
Across To-morrow's sunny face,
And vex her with your perfect grace.

So, real Thing of bloom and breath,
I weary of you while you stay;
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.

"Many are called, but few are chosen."

THERE are who find their life's delight,
O Lord! in Thee, on whom Thy grace
Sets from the womb the halo-light
They wear that see Thy nearer face.

And some, with sudden, strong surprise,
That masters sin, and hate, and pride,
Thou takest, as through parted skies
When Saul beheld the Crucified.

Thou choosest, and they hear Thee call,
For still Thou wilt not dwell alone;
These are Thy saints, O Lord! but all
The souls Thou makest are Thine own.

Too well we know they pass Thee by,
Nor hear Thy voice, so fierce the din
The world without them makes, the cry
Of passion calls so loud within.

But must they walk the downward way
To those dark gates, whercon despair
Is writ, nor see again the day?
Will no wild agonies of prayer

Reach to the seats of peace, and break
The calm of heaven's harmonious days?
No far-off sound of wailing make
A discord in the eternal praise?

Oh! yet we trust Thy love, and Him,
The blessed Christ, who works Thy will,
Who once through trackless regions dim
Of Hades past, and rules them still;

Nor rests, nor weary grows, nor faints,
Till all his royal work be done, —
Till added to Thy first-fruit saints
The harvest of Thy souls be won.
Spectator.

A. J. C.

THO' death should draw thee from this fair do-
main,

And with a little clay seal up thine eyes,
And turn to common air thy breathed sighs,
And make thy tears but drops of April rain;
Yet shall thy sweetness be blown forth again,
And fed with summer glories newly rise;
And echoed music of thy soft replies
Be sung once more by birds about the plain:
For Beauty ne'er hath limned a fairer face,
Nor Truth and Love e'er lit a brighter eye;
And surely He who is the Lord of grace
Will never let such truth and beauty die;
But tho' they change their mortal dwelling place,
Their shows shall still survive beneath the sky.
Songs of a Wayfarer, by William Davis.

PERE HYACINTHE belongs to a family of the name of Loison, more or less distinguished in academic and literary circles. His father was rector of a college in the south of France; his brother is a professor of theology in the Sorbonne; his uncle, the best known of the family, was a poet and a politician, who died in the prime of life, and over whom Victor Cousin pronounced a funeral oration — "Adieu, cher Loison — tu ne m'attendras pas longtemps." It was a standing remark among Cousin's friends, whenever he fell ill, that Loison was waiting for him, and he was playfully reproached at last, with a breach of promise, that he did not rejoin his departed friend for more than forty years.

A FEW weeks ago a party of anglers returned from an expedition down the St. Lawrence, and they brought home the astonishing weight of five thousand pounds of salmon, all taken with the fly. From Prince Edward's Island I learn that the people are becoming more opposed than ever to the scheme of confederation; also, that the agriculturists of the island claim to have made the very valuable discovery that their lands may be made pre-eminently fruitful by the use, as a fertilizer, of what they call "muscle mud," taken from the beds of their rivers.

From The Edinburgh Review.
LIVES OF THE CONDES.*

It is unnecessary for us to dwell at length on the circumstances which have retarded for years the publication of these interesting volumes. His Royal Highness the Duc d'Aumale having, as is well known, devoted a part of the leisure of his honourable exile to writing the annals of the House of Condé, the proof-sheets of the work were, in 1862, seized by an order of the French Government, for the purpose of securing the suppression of "matter prejudicial to public authority." Although this was a simple act of arbitrary power, wholly unsanctioned by law, seven years were spent in the vain endeavour to bring the question of the legality of the seizure before a court of justice. The Government sheltered itself behind that well-known provision of the constitution of the year VIII., which protects any public functionary from the consequences of a prosecution for abuse of authority, without the assent of the Conseil d'Etat. That assent was of course refused: but at length it became impossible to maintain this ignoble line of defence, and the authorities gave way, well knowing that they had no plea which could be judicially or legally supported.

It would be useless for us to comment on the malevolent tyranny and vindictive spite displayed in this transaction by the Ministers of that Imperial régime which boasts that in the exercise of its power it merely organizes popular liberty. Unhappily that beneficent administration is too accustomed to commit outrages upon the reasonable freedom of the press to pay attention to a protest from foreigners; and, notwithstanding its self-assumed strength, it will, doubtless, always retain its fears of the play of thought and the independence of letters. The diseased imagination of a Tiberius might conceivably find a remote allusion to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien in certain passages in these volumes, especially in the narrative of the imprisonment and mock trial of the first Prince of Condé, and in the account of a supposed project of Henry IV. to violate the frontier of the Low Coun-

tries, for the purpose of seizing the third Prince of Condé, and bringing him to Paris. But men of ordinary judgment will pronounce that, in the words of its illustrious author, this book is emphatically "one of good faith;" and Frenchmen will not fail to perceive that it is animated by a spirit of enthusiastic patriotism, and of intense sympathy with French interests. The real object of the dread and hatred of the Imperial Government was not this book, but its illustrious author; and we rejoice to find that amongst the other liberal and beneficial concessions of the present year, the Emperor has been compelled to restore to the princes of the House of Orleans those rights of literary publication, of which not even an exile can be deprived.

These volumes are an instalment only of the complete biography of the House of Condé which the Duc d'Aumale contemplates publishing. They comprise the lives of the two first Princes, heroes of the religious wars of France, and the early career of the third Prince, until the death of Henry IV. The author expresses a modest doubt lest the delay in the appearance of his book should have made it "a birth behind its time," but he need not feel any such apprehensions. The two first Princes of the House of Condé played a remarkable part in one of the most stirring and memorable periods in French history, and an episode in the fortunes of the third is inseparably connected with the warlike policy of Henry IV. towards the House of Austria, and in fact was one of the lesser causes that induced that sovereign to commence the contest that, with some fitful intervals between, was terminated only by the Peace of the Pyrenees. A biography of personages who made themselves conspicuous in these great events is necessarily a subject of prominent interest; and the Duc d'Aumale has treated it in a highly attractive manner. While the narrative of these volumes keeps to the central figures of the Princes of Condé, it incidentally describes the momentous scenes of the grand drama in which they are actors, and it places clearly and fully before us the intrigues and crimes of the evil days that fell upon France during the ill-fated reigns of the last kings of the Valois line, the sanguinary wars that devastated and weakened

* *Histoires des Princes de Condé, pendant les XVI et XVII Siècles.* Par M. le Duc d'AUMALE. Tomes I. et II. Paris: 1869.

the nation during a whole generation, and the era of comparative prosperity that followed the accession of Henry IV., and the settlement of the Peace of Vervins. The special excellence of the Duc d'Aumale in dealing with this important period, is his remarkable skill in elucidating and describing the civil wars, and in delineating the peculiar character and tactics of battles in the sixteenth century. In this respect his careful research and keen military judgment have made a valuable contribution to historical knowledge; and it is not too much to say that his instructive account of St. Quentin, Jarnac, Dreux, and Coutras, throws quite a new light upon these engagements, and, indeed, upon all contemporary strategy. He has also described in a very effective way the general policy of Henry IV., and we agree on the whole with his high estimate of the genius and wisdom of that sovereign, in spite of the somewhat damaging evidence discovered lately by Mr. Motley's industry. In two particulars, however, we regard the period treated by the Duc d'Aumale from a point of view that differs from his; and we question the soundness of his conclusions. In our judgment the pure-minded Coligny was the real champion of French Protestantism, and by far the ablest Frenchman of his age, and his ally Condé was in every respect a less solid and an inferior character. But in his eagerness to place the conduct of Condé in the most favourable light, the Duc d'Aumale has, we think, exaggerated the merits of that somewhat frivolous leader; and he has unduly depreciated the rare gifts and noble qualities of the illustrious Admiral. We cannot, moreover, at all concur in the view taken by the Duc d'Aumale of Francis of Guise, and of the tyrannical faction that swayed France from the death of Henry II. until the final defeat of the League, though it is that of the great majority of Frenchmen, who, in this matter, appear to us to misinterpret the true lessons of history. As regards the style and manner of these volumes, we shall only say they are worthy of their author — a specimen of that pure and graceful French unhappily now too seldom seen.

The narrative of the Duc d'Aumale commences fitly with an instructive sketch of

the pedigree of the House of Condé. Like all the branches of the line of Capet, it runs up to Robert the Strong, the grandfather of the famous Hugh, who at the close of the tenth century supplanted the Carolingian dynasty. Saint Louis, the hero of the Middle Ages, was sixth in descent from the bold usurper, and his son Robert became the progenitor of the House of Bourbon, in its junior branches the parent stem of the House of Condé. The Duc d'Aumale dwells with just pride on the patriotic conduct of the Bourbon princes, and on their high historical renown, during that dark period of the annals of France, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. James, Count of La Marche, and Constable of France, saved the life of King John on the day of Cressy, was taken prisoner at the disaster of Poitiers, and died with honour on the field of Brignais. Poitiers saw another Bourbon perish; and three of the race lost freedom or life in a vain endeavour to arrest the tide of victory in the flight from Agincourt. In times of happier omen to France, Louis II., surnamed the Flower of Chivalry, was a staunch supporter and friend of Du Guesclin; and in the struggle which happily terminated in the loss of the Plantagenet conquests in France, Duke John II. was raised to the rank of Constable, and by his heroic deeds won the honourable title of the "Scourge of the English." The name of Bourbon was famous, too, in many of the petty wars and enterprises undertaken by the great French nobles during the anarchy of the later feudal period; it was heard with terror by Barbary corsairs, and was welcome to traders of Genoa and Venice; and the prowess of the gracious Lords of Bourbon, their high estate, and their martial bearing, were eulogized by many an ancient chronicler. In the doubtful conflict between the House of Burgundy and the weak French monarchy, the Bourbons took the national side; and, as M. Michelet correctly shows, though outside the immediate line of the succession, their devices and mottoes always seemed to point to the hope of a royal inheritance. When Charles VIII. invaded Italy, several Bourbon princes were in his train; and the King entrusted his shortlived conquest of Naples to

Gilbert Count of Montpensier. The Duc d'Aumale, apparently from a sentiment of patriotic shame, hardly dwells sufficiently on the stormy career of the second son of this prince, Charles, the celebrated Constable and archrebel of the first part of the reign of Francis I. Inheritor of the immense fiefs of Anne of Beaujeu and Peter of Bourbon, and the favoured lover of Louisa of Savoy, the Constable of Bourbon was the last of the great feudal lords who overshadowed the throne by mere personal influence and power; his deeds and his fate form a striking episode in the early history of the sixteenth century. Our readers must be generally aware how this daring and ambitious chief won distinction in the Italian wars; how, having received the sword of Constable, and obtained the command of the French armies, he provoked the jealous fears of the King by his haughty demeanour and martial display; how he became the object of the passionate hatred of the King's mother, his former mistress, who endeavoured to filch away his patrimony; how, watched by spies and surrounded by foes, he long defied all attempts to combat him in his mountain lair of the Bourbonnais; how he consummated his treason by deserting with a mass of retainers to Charles V.; and how, having repeatedly done good service for his imperial master, he was betrayed and neglected by envious colleagues, and fell ingloriously at the sack of Rome, the leader of a band of blood-thirsty warriors, whose atrocious cruelties were long a proverb. Even after the lapse of three centuries his remote kinsman, like the heroic Bayard, turns away with disgust from the "perjured noble who had proved false to his King and his Lord," and passes hastily over his remarkable exploits.

The crimes and dishonor of this proscribed chief placed the House of Bourbon in disastrous eclipse, and, during the reign of Francis I., there were few signs of a change in its fortunes. No member of the family, however, followed the example of the traitorous Constable; and two of the Bourbon princes fell, beside their sovereign, on the field of Pavia. The line had now dwindled down to Charles of Bourbon, Duke of Vendome, who, though already not far from the throne, through the gradual decay of the

race of the Valois, was treated by Francis I. with neglect, and led a life of comparative obscurity. The Duke of Vendome had thirteen children; but of these many died young and unmarried, and two only transmitted to descendants the name and blood of the House of Bourbon. These were Anthony, the eldest son, by his marriage afterwards King of Navarre, father of the illustrious Henry IV., and the common ancestor of all the existing Bourbons; and the youngest son, Louis, Prince of Condé, the founder of that celebrated House, and the first subject of this biography.

Louis of Condé was born in 1530, and was brought up for the most part at the little Court of the kings of Navarre, under the care of his mother, Frances of Alençon. We know little of his early training; but though, to judge from his after-life, it could not have been particularly strict, it certainly was not unbecoming his rank, and possibly it implanted in his mind the germs of the religious tenets of which he became in manhood the champion. At Nérac the boy must have often been in the company of the beautiful Margaret of Navarre, that "Pearl of the Valois," whose gentle spirit was deeply touched by the Reformed doctrines, of Isabella and Henri d'Albret, both Huguenots of a decided type, and of several of the great Huguenot seigneurs; and we cannot but suppose that these associations must have had an influence upon his disposition. In 1549, the Prince received the modest appointment of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Henry II., and became acquainted for the first time with the gay, dissolute, and intriguing throngs that encircled the throne of Catherine of Medicis, or crowded the saloons of Diana of Poitiers. During the next two years he seems to have plunged with ardor into this dissipated life, and to have won many an easy triumph among that "squadron of frail beauty" maintained by the subtle Florentine Queen, and not the least potent of her instruments. But though, as one of the princes of the blood, he was entitled to a higher place of honour in the pageants of the Louvre and St. Germain, he was looked upon coldly by the King, and was subjected to many slights and privations. In fact, ever since the disgrace of the Constable, the Bourbons had been disliked by

the Valois; the family, ruined by fines and confiscations, had sunk from its former estate; and the young Prince of Condé found himself in poverty, and almost a stranger in the palaces of the French monarchy.

In 1551, the princely but almost friendless youth contracted a marriage which did not fail to affect powerfully his subsequent fortunes. The name of the lady was Eleanor of Roye, grandniece of the aged Constable of Montmorency, first cousin of the illustrious Coligny, and in faith and manners a staunch Huguenot. The immediate result of his marriage was to separate Condé from the faction of the younger courtiers, headed by the Guises, that swayed Henry and the reigning favorite, and to attach him to the old feudal noblesse of which the Constable was the acknowledged head; and we can hardly doubt, although "this prince loved other men's wives as well as his own," that it inclined him towards the Reformed doctrines. Condé had not long been married when he left his bride to cross the Alps, and take part in the contest still raging between France and the Empire in Italy for that splendid possession. It is characteristic of his humble fortunes that, though nearly allied to the Royal House, he entered the army as a volunteer; no knightly attendants bore his pennon; and he served under the veteran Brissac as an obscure cadet of the French nobility. Having distinguished himself in the Italian wars, though, like many of his youthful companions, "he was not easy to direct or manage," the Prince was next engaged in the campaign which permanently extended the frontier of France by the annexation of the Three Bishoprics; and, under the orders of Francis of Guise, he assisted at the celebrated defence of Metz by that bad man but accomplished general. He was then employed in the desultory struggle that had been raging for many years along the border of the Low Countries, and afterwards once more in Italy; but though he displayed the valour of his race in more than one dashing and bloody encounter, he continued a subordinate only, and the solitary favour he received from the King was the command of one of the *compagnies d'ordonnance*, about equivalent to a cornetcy in the troops of the royal household. An accident, apparently, raised Condé to a position more worthy of his high station. The Duke of Savoy having invaded Picardy after the rupture of the Truce of Vaucelles, and invested St. Quentin with an overwhelming force, Coligny, with characteristic heroism, threw himself into the beleaguered place, and Montmorency advanced to his aid, with a large but hastily

collected army. Owing probably to his kinsman's good-will, Condé commanded the right wing of the French, and on the disastrous day of St. Quentin he exhibited not only undaunted courage, but military skill of no mean order. We commend especially to our readers the Duc d'Aumale's sketch of this memorable battle, one of the worst defeats that France ever endured; but we can do no more than refer to it as singularly graphic, clear, and intelligent. After this fatal rout, the duty of retarding the advance of the enemy fell on the Prince; and on this occasion his services were of the greatest value to the French monarchy, for he succeeded in arresting completely the invasion that threatened to roll on to Paris. He remained, however, still in the shade of neglect; the King refused him the government of a province that had been hereditary in the House of Bourbon; and the only advancement he obtained was an honorary command in the infantry of the army, one which in those days, when the French nobleman confined himself to the ranks of the cavalry, was considered as little less than an insult.

The new epoch that commenced in France after the Peace of Cambray and the death of Henry II. effected no change in the fortunes of Condé. He was treated with contempt and dislike by the faction that domineered in the kingdom; the government he applied for was again withheld; and his brother Anthony had been pointedly slighted in the late negotiations touching Navarre. The two Bourbon princes now coalesced with the large section of the French nobility, with Montmorency as its acknowledged chief, that resented the ascendancy of the Guises and their influence over Francis II.; and Condé, as one of the Princes of the Blood, took an opportunity of protesting openly against the pretensions of the House of Lorraine, and the dangerous policy of making the young King assume the title of Sovereign of England, in virtue of the claims of Mary Stuart. Condé was thus completely alienated from the Court; and events soon widened and deepened the breach. For many years the Protestants of France had submitted without a show of resistance to persecutions of the most atrocious kind, to burnings and massacres under Francis I., to general proscriptions and cruel confiscations to glut the avarice of his son and his mistress. But passive obedience has its limits; and when the accession of the Guises to power increased their sufferings, and threatened the kingdom with subjection to the rule of Philip II., a change gradually came over

their sentiments. In numbers probably a fifth of the nation, notwithstanding the efforts made to destroy the sect, strong in the rising commercial towns, and in the support of many of the chief nobles, and possessing already an excellent organization in their congregations and ecclesiastical union, they began to reflect whether it was not necessary to make a stand against the Court, and to assert the rights of a powerful minority, remarkable for its worth and intelligence. This was the origin of the movement, known by the name of the Conspiracy of Amboise, which, with due deference to the Duc d'Aumale, was less the dark treason he has described it, than a general combination for a redress of grievances, though undoubtedly it was associated with a plot that aimed at subverting the Government. Smarting under a sense of repeated slights, Condé listened to the overtures of the malcontents, and lent his name at least to their cause; and we may suppose that religious sympathy may in some degree have influenced his decision; though it is remarkable that Coligny, more sincere and wise, refused to take any part in this league. What followed was exceedingly characteristic of the cruel and treacherous juncto in power. An attempt at a rising having been suppressed, the Guises and Catherine intrigued to break up the confederacy by detaching its leaders from it; and Condé having been summoned to Amboise, Francis of Guise, with a show of chivalrous frankness, offered to "defend his Highness against all comers, and stand his surety in any charge of treason." At the same time, the subordinate agents in "the conspiracy" were treated with execrable rigour; and punishments of the most frightful kind were inflicted on numbers of innocent persons. The Duc d'Aumale passes lightly over these foul crimes — the evil prelude to the civil wars — and does not allude to the indignation they provoked even within the Court, to the public remonstrances of the boy-King, sickened at the sight of the hangings and drownings that met his eyes round his own palace, or to the pathetic exclamation of the Duchess of Guise, aghast at the deeds of her own husband, "Interfere, Sire, they are murdering your subjects."

Having been a witness of these scenes of blood — it is said, though we hardly credit the tale, that he was compelled to behold them from the battlements of Amboise — Condé betook himself to the Court of Nérac, judging correctly that he was under suspicion. Anthony of Bourbon, frivolous, fickle, and weak, professed himself at this

moment a Huguenot; and many of the Huguenot chiefs of the south, alarmed at the issue of recent events addressed themselves to the Bourbon princes, and entreated them to become their leaders. A partial Huguenot rising took place at the same time in Dauphiny and Provence, and though it was easily put down, the attitude of the sect throughout France was menacing. Meanwhile, the tyranny and grasping selfishness of the Guises had made them numerous enemies, and Montmorency and his powerful following stood aloof from the government. The Lorraine brothers felt their authority threatened by a possible combination between the Huguenots and the great feudal seigneurs, its main link being the Bourbon princes; and with characteristic energy they resolved to destroy it. The boy-King was easily persuaded that a plot was laid against his life; and Anthony of Bourbon and Condé received a command to appear at the States-General, about to be convened at Orleans. The brothers obeyed the summons at once, and set off with a weak escort only; nor is it improbable — though no hint is given of it by the Duc d'Aumale — that two of Catherine's hours were employed to lure them to take this imprudent step, and decoy them into the hands of their enemies. Spite of warnings that ought to have opened their eyes, the Princes proceeded upon their way, received everywhere with due honour by the officials of the treacherous Government; but they had no sooner arrived at Orleans than the snare was effectually drawn around them. In the presence of the mute and astonished Court, they were charged with treason by the King and the Guises; and, having been thence taken to the closet of Catherine, who doubtless gave them many smooth words of feigned regret and deadly courtesy, they were separated and thrown into prison. Condé, more daring and more proud, fared worse than his shallow and fickle brother, who seems ere long to have been set free. He was tried on the spot by a special commission, composed in part of his personal enemies; and, without any solid proof of guilt, he was sentenced to "fall by the axe in a fortnight" on "evidence obtained by fraud and torture." The King, doubtless under the influence of the Guises, was the president of this shameful tribunal which directly violated the law of the land; and, as we have said, these proceedings resemble the tragedy of Vincennes in some respects, though the points of difference are sufficiently obvious. In consequence partly of these very distinctions, the Bourbon Prince of the sixteenth cen-

tury was more fortunate than his hapless descendants. The time given for the execution of the sentence enabled the illustrious Michel L'Hopital to interpose a salutary delay; and within a few days an event occurred that altered the whole political situation. Francis II., sickly and prematurely decayed, like all the offspring of Henry and Catherine, died suddenly at the close of 1560, and this death, which for some months gave a rude shock to the power of the Guises, caused the immediate liberation of the captive.

In the short-lived revolution that followed the accession of Charles IX. to the throne, Condé played for a time a conspicuous part. The Parliament of Paris pronounced him innocent; Francis of Guise embraced him in the presence of the Court; and Catherine, in the brief attempt she made, under the inspiration of L'Hopital, and through genuine fear of the Lorraine faction, to rule by balancing the religious parties and extending toleration to the Huguenots, treated the Prince as one of her most trusted counsellors. The Duc d'Aumale eulogizes the magnanimity and heroism of Francis of Guise at this juncture, and describes him as rising superior to fate in the midst of dangerous and conspiring enemies. But the Guises were in no real peril; and as events were rapidly tending to replace them in their former ascendancy, the only merit of Francis was perseverance to wait the turn of fortune. At this moment Philip II. was interfering in the councils of the Louvre in the interest of the House of Lorraine; and his ambassador was endeavouring to restore them to power, in order to carry out his master's policy of extirpating the detested Huguenots. Notwithstanding, too, the generous protests of the Commons at the States-General of Orleans, and the enlightened wisdom of the great Chancellor, France, as a nation, was frantically Catholic; the Parliaments of several provinces refused to register the edicts of toleration; the mob of Paris declared itself against the Reformers with savage violence; and signs of a general Catholic rising throughout the kingdom were not wanting. The change that was impending was precipitated by the conduct of Montmorency and his followers, who, resenting the demands of the Estates of a province, made, it is said, at the instigation of Coligny, for an inquiry into the scandalous extravagance of the favourites of the reign of Henry II., coalesced ere long with the Lorraine brothers; and the vacillating and unprincipled Anthony of Bourbon having been gained to the same side, the celebrated junto, known by the

name of the Triumvirate, rose into power. Within a few months the evil domination of the Guises was completely restored; and the Government, timid, selfish, and fickle, yielded, after a show of faint opposition. Condé, now in faith a professed Huguenot, and, on account of his princely rank, the nominal leader of the Reformers, began to lose his influence with the Queen; and Coligny and the Huguenot chiefs saw with alarm he political horizon charged with an approaching tempest.

The condition of France at this crisis — just before the outbreak of the religious wars — is thus graphically described by Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the ambassador of Elizabeth in Paris; we quote a few words that illustrate much that ensued: —

"Heere be strange discourses and great expectations what shall become of the world heere. The King of Navarre, the Duke of Guize, the Constable, the Cardinal Ferrase, the three marshalles of France, St. André, Bryssac, and De Thermés, the Cardinal of Tournou, and all their favouers and followers be conjoynd ferme together to overthrow the Protestant religion, and to exterminate the favouers thereof, which enterprise and desired purpose is poursuyd forward by the ambassade of Spayne heere, and Spanish threatenige and countenances. The Queene-mother assisted with the Queene of Navarre, the Chancellor, the Prince of Conde, the Cardinale of Chastillon, the Admiral, Monsieur D'Anelot and their followers and favouers, do yet countenance the matter on our syde. I praye God, the Queene-mother do not sturr her collar."

Catholics and Protestants were thus watching each other, when the massacre of Vassy fired in an instant the long smouldering train of passion and hatred. The Duc d'Aumale hurries rapidly over this detestable deed of perfidy and blood; he cannot bear to dwell on the crimes of those whom he represents as the leaders of the nation, or to indicate the justification of Huguenot "rebellion." Nor does he notice the terrible burst of fanaticism that followed, the crusade preached by the exulting priesthood against the Reformers in every parish, the judicial murders committed by the Parliaments, the hangings, drownings, and burnings of the Huguenots in many parts of the kingdom, which M. Michelet has correctly described as the St. Bartholomew of 1562. The affrighted Reformers flew to arms; but though it would be idle to suppose that the cruelties they endured were not required, it has been truly observed that, wherever they obtained the mastery, they displayed their vengeance rather in destroying what in their eyes were the monuments of an

idoltrous worship, than in taking the lives of their Catholic fellow-subjects. The Duc d'Aumale is evidently inclined to underrate the importance of this rising; but it was the wide-spread and universal movement of an oppressed sect against execrable tyranny. The strength of the Huguenots lay in the northern provinces, along the seaboard, or in the mountain districts of the south, where the Protestant doctrines had either entered, or the traditions of the Albigenes had lingered, but they numbered thousands of zealous adherents in almost every part of the kingdom, especially in the town communities. In an incredibly short time armed men, headed by their seigneurs and by enthusiastic preachers, sprang up in angry swarms throughout France; and Condé, with the assent of the Huguenot chiefs, who always endeavoured to identify their cause with loyalty and the Royal House, was chosen as head of the insurrection. The Prince, in spite of the efforts of the Triumvirs, who "bade him scorn that vile canaille," set off from Paris with an army of nobles, whose gay bearing and brilliant retinue, contrasted strangely with the sombre aspect and simple armour of the Huguenot bands; and having seized Orleans, and made that place the general rendezvous of the men of religion, he found himself at the head of an army that for the moment defied opposition. In fact the Government was surprised; it had only the Royal Guard in hand and three or four thousand armed men; and though its resources would quickly multiply, this force was for the present unable to cope with that of the Reformed leaders. In this conjuncture, either for the purpose of gaining delay, or with her usual turn for taking the side for the time of the stronger, Catherine listened to the overtures of Condé, and, "imploping him to save her children and Crown," she promised to repair to the Huguenot camp. The Triumvirs, however, knowing the importance of having Royalty to grace their cause, seized the persons of the Queen and her eldest son, and, with or against her will, carried them off to Paris, where, in the midst of a ferocious population that cried to Heaven for vengeance and blood, they summoned France to a crusade against the heretic rebels.

Thus were loosed the furies of civil war that deluged France with blood, and unnerved her arm as a great Power, during a whole generation. Each side, in its appeal to the sword, inscribed the royal name on its banners, and shouted the cry of God and the King; but while the white ensigns of the House of Valois were always seen in

the Reformers' host, it is remarkable that the red colours of Spain were, from the outset, the badge of their adversaries. As was but natural in a writer filled with the traditions of a great Catholic monarchy, and of a literature that has advocated the successful cause, the Duc d'Aumale, though with honourable earnestness he tries to assume an impartial attitude, is, unconsciously to himself, a partisan in the view he takes of this terrible contest. He persists in identifying the half-foreign tyranny which with hardly an interval was supreme in France, until the reign of Henry IV., with the welfare and independence of the nation, and in representing the Reformers as essentially an alien and rebel faction. His patriotism, accordingly, leads him to extenuate the crimes and misdeeds of the party in power, to describe them as the necessary severities of a Government struggling for its existence, and to exaggerate, as the guilt of unnatural treason, the excesses committed by the Huguenots, and the alliances they formed outside the kingdom. This tendency, indeed, does not master the excellent judgment of the Duc d'Aumale, or make it blind to cardinal truths; he indignantly condemns the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the violence of the League, the guile of Henry III.; and he can admire the heroism and undaunted stubbornness of more than one of the Huguenot leaders. But his prepossessions are not the less marked; he paints Francis of Guise as a high-minded warrior, fighting for the unity and glory of France; he keeps out of view, as far as he can, the subjection to Spain of the Lorraine party; he sympathizes with the Catholic chiefs, as the representatives of the national cause, and glosses over their deeds of blood; he even throws into the shade the wicked intrigues and faithlessness of Catherine and her sons; and, at the same time, he censures harshly the conduct and objects of the Reformers; he addresses himself, in a special way, to depreciate the illustrious Coligny; and he invariably regards the Huguenots as an element of national weakness and danger. That is, no doubt, a thoroughly French view of the Reformed religion, and it is the reason why Protestantism is still regarded by the bulk of the French people as an anti-national creed. "*La France est plus Catholique que Chrétienne*" was the remark of one who knew the country well. Our view of this memorable tract of history, we need hardly say, is widely different. The great majority of Frenchmen were, no doubt, Catholics; and, in this sense, the government that took the Catholic side in the religious wars represented the

general tendency of the nation. But that Government during nearly thirty years was the embodiment of a Spanish policy, that set at naught the interests of France; even the perfidious Catherine and cowardly Valois resisted it as much as they dared; and it abandoned the kingdom to a confederacy of fanatics, the docile satraps of a foreign despot. As for its character and conduct, they were written in deeds that anticipated the crimes of 1793, in butcheries of St. Bartholomew and Sens, in sieges of Paris and days of barricades, in provinces covered with blood and ashes. On the other hand, though certainly divided in religious sympathy from the mass of the people, the Huguenots struck for the national cause, or the independence of France, and their legitimate King; and though often carried away by the frenzy of the time, they were the sufferers rather than the doers of wrong. As regards the political aspirations of their real leader, the noble Coligny, he would have made France a great Protestant Power, the ally of England, and a free State. It would perhaps have been better for the House of Bourbon had it governed upon such enlightened principles.

The first scenes of the civil war were not marked by the atrocious character that ere long prevailed in the contest. There was a brief pause of uneasy hesitation; and Catherine, perceiving that her authority would disappear amidst the shock of arms, attempted, sincerely perhaps, to negotiate. Condé showed but too plainly that he was ill fitted to be the chief of a great and determined party. At an interview with the Queen, he consented to leave the kingdom with the Huguenot leaders; the Guises and the Court, no doubt, expecting that the flock would scatter after the flight of the shepherds. The Prince having been compelled to break this foolish engagement, both sides prepared for the approaching conflict. By this time the relative strength of the opposing parties had completely changed; and though the Huguenot forces were still considerable, the success of their foes was already certain. Three great armies, set on foot by the Government, and recruited largely from foreign mercenaries, were marched into the interior of France, and in every province, thousands of enthusiasts, backed usually by the local authorities, formed themselves into bands to crush the insurrection. In a few months most of the strong places held by the Huguenots had been taken; the line of defence on the Loire was lost; they had suffered repeated defeats in the south; and Condé, with their only remaining force, was shut up in Orleans, and surrounded by enemies. Of the atrocities

that disgraced the success of the Catholics, the ruthlessness of the soldiery of Nevers, and the murderous fury of the brutal peasantry, we hear but little from the Duc d'Aumale, though he brings out in distinct relief the iconoclastic violence of the Reformers, and though he condemns in severe language the policy now adopted by their leaders.

Feeling the cause lost without immediate succor, they despatched D'Andelot to obtain aid from the Protestant Powers upon the Rhine, and Condé and Coligny gave their consent to negotiations with Elizabeth. That sovereign had for some time watched the attitude of the contending parties in France, divided between a dislike of "rebels" and a conviction that the Huguenot cause was her own; and, with characteristic selfishness and craft, she had made up her mind to drive a hard bargain, should her assistance be sought by either side. Like all the English politicians of the time, she regretted bitterly the loss of Calais, practically ceded at the Peace of Cambray; and she fixed upon that coveted possession as the price of intervention in France. In a treaty made with the Vidame of Chartres, as the representative of the Huguenots, she promised to assist them with men and money, and to defend the fortresses of Rouen and Dieppe, on the condition, however, that an English garrison should be put in occupation of Havre, as a pledge for the restitution of Calais. The Duc d'Aumale is lavish of reproaches against the authors of this discreditable compact; and we freely admit that any trafficking of the kind is the one blot on the fair fame of Coligny. But we must recollect that Condé and the Admiral declared solemnly that they never empowered their envoy to consent to these terms; and it is fair to observe that the words of the treaty do not necessarily imply such dangerous concessions. If we condemn, too, the Huguenot chiefs, we must bear in mind the extremity of their peril, and that, unhappily, in that age, the zeal of party too often extinguished patriotism; and, certainly, their defence, as against their adversaries, was sufficient. It did not lie in the mouths of the Guises, who ruled in the interests of Philip II., who had filled the Royal armies with Swiss and Germans, and who had been plotting with foreign Powers for an invasion of France to suppress heresy, to complain of treasonable practices with foreign Powers.

The negotiations of the Huguenot chiefs relieved them in their distress for a time. The main Royal army set off from Orleans to take part in the siege of Rouen; D'Ande-

lot reached the place with a German contingent; and Condé and the Admiral, set free, found themselves at the head of 14,000 men. This force might have struck a decisive blow, had the Prince made a bold advance upon Paris; but the opportunity was lost in vain demonstrations and idle trifling with the artful Queen, who knew how to work on the generous nature or the ambitious spirit of the credulous Bourbon. Coligny insisted on taking the command; and he proposed a plan of military operations which, with submission to the Duc d'Aumale, showed his genius for war, and was, in the main, successful. He wished to transfer the theatre of the contest to the northern provinces, where the Reformers were still in considerable strength, and, resting on the sea, and supported by England, to make a determined stand for Huguenot liberties. The Prince reluctantly followed these counsels; the Huguenot army advanced towards Normandy; and, after making some false movements, for which M. Michelet blames Condé, and the Duc d'Aumale his illustrious colleague, it found itself in the neighbourhood of Dreux, confronted by a superior force of Royalists. We can do no more than notice with praise the Duc d'Aumale's excellent account of this engagement; it is very elaborate, careful, and clear; and it does justice alike to the tactical skill of Francis of Guise, to the valour of Condé, and to the indomitable perseverance of Coligny — like his genuine descendant William III. — always great under the frowns of fortune. The nominal commanders on either side, Condé and the old Constable Montmorency, were taken prisoners in the battle; and this accident followed by the death of Francis of Guise within a few months, led to the commencement of negotiations between the heads of the contending parties. The Prince and the Constable, each strongly guarded, "held parleys" upon an islet of the Loire, and discussed the terms of a general pacification; Catherine assisted occasionally at these interviews; and the result was the Edict of Amboise, long the theme of the regret of Huguenot writers. This settlement betrayed the want of sympathy between Condé and the great body of the Reformers. It secured toleration and freedom of worship for the great leaders and the higher noblesse; but it provided no corresponding advantage for the real champions and martyrs of the cause, for the small gentry and hardy townsmen, who, with souls unalloyed by selfish ambition, had risked everything for the sake of religion, and had braved death and suffer-

ings in a thousand forms. It is no wonder, though the Duc d'Aumale thinks that jealousy may have influenced his conduct, that Coligny refused to set his hand to this unequal and ill-devised arrangement. He had been successful in repeated combats, and had gained a solid footing in Normandy; nor can it be doubted that the Reformers might easily have obtained very different conditions. In truth, more than one historian asserts that Catherine had won the consent of Condé by means not uncommon in her diplomacy. A frail beauty, Isabella de Limeuil, it is said, was thrown in the way of the Prince, who, for her venal charms, betrayed the cause; and to judge from the dates of some of the letters of Condé to the lady in this book, the story seems to be not at all improbable. It is certain, at least, that for some reason, the Huguenot doctors at this juncture were especially severe upon the licentiousness of the Prince; the Huguenot congregations denounced him fiercely as a profligate and shallow-hearted apostate; and he was treated even by the Catholic leaders with supercilious contempt and neglect. "The Prince," thus reported a shrewd English eyewitness, "swymeth betwixt two waters, neither the Catholiks nor the Protestants do love him; in truth I cannot tell of which of the two he is more hated."

The immediate result of the Peace of Amboise was to effect a momentary reconciliation between the leaders of the religious parties, and to make them unite against Elizabeth. The Queen had acted after her wonted fashion; she had been niggard of aid to her allies; she had considered nothing but her own interests; and she now insisted on keeping a garrison at Havre as a guarantee for regaining Calais. After negotiations, which at least proved that they never accepted her interpretation of their contract, the Huguenot chiefs declared themselves released from further obligations to her; and Condé, Coligny, and Montmorency combined their forces to drive out the English from Havre and the seaboard of Normandy. The siege lasted a few days only. Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in heroism; their mutual hatred vanished for an instant in their common resolve to expel the stranger. Foiled, mainly through her own overreaching spirit, Elizabeth lost both Havre and Calais, the devices through which she had hoped to recover the jewel that had fallen from the Tudor crown, having turned out, as they deserved to be, fruitless. If Condé and Coligny seem at first sight to have acted ungratefully in this mat-

ter, Elizabeth herself before long forgave them; in truth, she knew she had advanced pretensions they were justified in resisting to the utmost; and she felt that she had been playing a game in which she had been, not unfairly, beaten. In describing these passages, the Duc d'Aumale reflects severely upon the Admiral; but he omits to mention that that great man had been deeply impressed by what had occurred, and that afterwards he opposed the intervention of Foreign Powers in behalf of his party. During the brief period that Coligny was supreme in the councils of Charles IX., he earnestly deprecated an alliance with England derogatory from the interests of France, though that alliance would probably have given the Huguenots a long lease of power, and certainly have saved him from impending evil.

We must pass rapidly over the life of Condé during the next few years, and the historical events associated with it. The Prince, though not much trusted by them, remained the nominal leader of the Huguenots, and continued to profess the Huguenot doctrines, and to observe the austere rules of the sect, so far as regards their mode of worship, though sunk in vice and frivolous dissipation. The pious cant of his letters to Calvin, to Beza, and to the Elders of Geneva, contrasts curiously with his amorous effusions to Isabella de Liemeuil and other light loves, contained in the appendix to this book; but, in the case of a character like his, the contrast need not at all surprise us. He now and then attended the conventions held by the Huguenot chiefs and principal divines; more than once advocated, at some risk to himself, the cause of his party with the jealous Government, was usually on good terms with Coligny; and, though one of the many suitors of that Medusa of beauty, Mary Stuart, gave some proof of his religious sympathies by marrying a second Huguenot wife, upon the death of Eleanor of Roye. His time, however, was wholly passed amidst the amusements of the Court, or within the sphere of its dark intrigues; and there, surrounded by the surviving Guises, by Montmorency and the great Catholic noblesse, and often in the closet of the scheming Queen, he seemed anything rather than the head of the strict and suspected religious party. In truth, the reputation of Condé was that of a gay, feather-pated seigneur who had taken up with the Reformers from pique, and had nothing really in common with them; and Catherine and the Government counted on his support in the policy they were now

meditating. At this juncture the influence of Spain was again completely paramount at the Louvre; the celebrated interview at Bayonne between Catherine and Alva had taken place; the Protestants in the Low Countries were being pursued by fire and sword; and their brethren in France, not without reason believed that they too were marked out for destruction. Though it is now known that the French Government did not then entertain this dark design, it was willing, at the bidding of Philip II., to disregard the Peace of Amboise; the privileges of the Huguenots were curtailed; fanaticism was again let loose against them; they were subjected to vexatious persecutions; nor can we doubt that the fears of their rulers alone saved them from the extreme of severity. Having assumed this attitude towards the sect, the Guises and Catherine repeated their efforts to detach Condé from the hated Reformers, and to deprive them of the support of a Prince of the Blood. They caressed him with gracious and insinuating art; bestowed his hereditary government on him; taught the King to treat him with peculiar respect; feigned to listen to his counsels and seek his friendship: endeavoured to lure him by all the devices of false, unscrupulous, but fascinating perfidy.

This union, however, was apparent only. The gracious attitude and favour of the Court were the mere devices of conspiring treachery. While Catherine and the King pretended to seek the aid of the Huguenots against Spain, they were furnishing supplies to the soldiers of Alva on the frontier of Franche Comté and Flanders; and their conciliatory advances to Condé were followed by edicts against the Reformers. A personal disappointment of the Prince, however, was the immediate cause of an actual rupture. With him ambition was a stronger motive than the exigencies of a noble cause. Having been refused the sword of Constable—Montmorency was now in extreme old age—with a significant hint from the Duke of Anjou that "another commander would be found for the Swiss," Condé quitted the Court in a fit of anger, and within a few days appeared at the head of a band of Huguenot nobles and their retainers, only too eager to answer his summons. A foolish attempt, which, it is said, Charles IX. never afterwards forgave, to seize and carry off the King, failed; but Condé's force having been quickly swelled by hundreds of fierce and resolute men, glad that the day of suspense was passed, he soon found himself in command of a little army 6,000 strong. The Government

collected a body of troops to defend the capital and its neighbourhood; and the aged Constable and the Duke of Anjou, who now commenced his ill-omened career, undertook to direct the military operations. Civil war thus broke out afresh; and Condé, believing himself in sufficient force, made demonstrations against Paris—a movement characteristic of his rash valour, and very injudicious. He was attacked in the plain of St. Denis by Montmorency with 18,000 men; and though he displayed no little ability in marshalling his troops to receive this attack, and he fought with his usual courage and vigour, he only gained time to make his retreat. The Duc d'Aumale has described this battle in his usual clear and happy style; but the death of Montmorency on the field, and the fact that it was the first encounter between the young Catholic noblesse of Paris and the stern Huguenot cavaliers of the provinces, are the chief points of interest in it. Condé fell back towards the German frontier to obtain reinforcements from the Protestants on the Rhine; and, having effected his junction with the Palatine Casimir, beyond the Moselle, at a spot near Metz, he returned by a long circuit to Orleans, having made this daring and perilous movement with complete success in the depth of winter. Though Coligny is entitled to a share in the credit—and it strongly resembles his celebrated advance after the disastrous battle of Moncontour—the Duc d'Aumale lays great stress on this march as a proof of the strategic talents of Condé. He paints vividly the light-hearted heroism of the Prince in braving its hardships and dangers, and he evidently thinks it a remarkable operation, “that would have made a reputation for any commander.” The Huguenots had by this time assembled at Orleans in imposing force, and Condé was able to take the field with not less than 30,000 men. But he again gave proof of the frivolity and want of judgment that were prominent features of his character; and having laid siege to the fortress of Chartres, he was induced, on the very eve of the assault, to accept terms from the French Government, which annulled the results of his brilliant exploits, and secured no real redress for his party. The “Cloaked Peace of Chartres,” as it was called, concluded in 1568, renewed merely the Edict of Amboise, with some stipulations of no importance. Coligny and most of the Huguenot chiefs protested earnestly against its provisions; and, in this instance, we are happy to say, the Duc d'Aumale is on the side of the illustrious Admiral.

Why speak of peace, when there is no hope of peace! might have been the exclamation of the Huguenots during the brief period that this truce lasted. From the Low Countries, where Egmont and Horn, with crowds of less famous victims, had perished on the scaffolds raised by the merciless Alva, and from Spain, blazing with the fires of the Inquisition, the baleful influence of Philip II. extended over France and its rulers, and throughout the kingdom enforced the doctrine that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Charles IX. and Catherine, who had recently obtained a large concession of Church lands by a promise to the Pope to put down the Huguenots, acquiesced in a renewal of the persecution; and the sect found itself again exposed to every kind of violence and outrage. We shall not draw out the dreary monotony of these scenes of proscription and crime, or enlarge on murders committed with impunity, on cruelties sanctioned by the provincial governors, on the licensed excesses of fanatical passion. Condé addressed a respectful remonstrance to the King; one of his letters contains an interesting account of the sufferings of the Reformers at a time when peace and toleration nominally prevailed:—

“Sire, the misdeeds committed day after day against us who, under your allegiance, are of the Reformed faith, make us write touching our grievances to you. I am the more emboldened because, without knowing wherefore, I am more pursued than any other person. Yet no one can say that I have disobeyed your edicts, and I do nothing save live in my own house, under the assurance of the public pledge given to your subjects in the presence of foreign Princes. Yet, notwithstanding, we see ourselves murdered, plundered, and ravaged, our wives violated, daughters torn from their parents, the great dismissed from their offices, officers deprived of their trusts, and all of us denounced as your enemies and those of this kingdom. And all this without an attempt to do us justice. Alas! Sire, to what an estate have we been reduced. We see the common people slaughtering your subjects and nobles and doing wickedness as it lists, without being checked or punished. That is a notable and terrible thing, as your Majesty knows better than I; and, what is more, they all say that they have a pass-word to commit these crimes, a matter I will not believe.”

This tyranny was not long to be borne; in a few weeks civil war was raging in many parts of the distracted kingdom. Having received a timely warning from Tavannes—it is gratifying to record an instance of good faith among so many of foul treachery—

Condé and Coligny hastened across the Loire; and, after a march, in Huguenot strain compared to the flight of Israel from Egypt, made their way with their families to Rochelle, thenceforward the bulwarks of the Huguenot cause. This town, celebrated in former years for its valourous exploits against the Plantagenets, had lately resented an attempt made by the Government to subvert its privileges; and, deeply impregnated with the Protestant doctrines, through its commerce with England and the Low Countries, it welcomed with joy the illustrious fugitives. To Rochelle repaired the widowed Jeanne d'Albret — Anthony of Bourbon had died in the first civil war — with her son the youthful Henry of Navarre; and hundreds of Huguenots flocked in with their followers from Bearn, Poitou, and Gascony. Condé and Coligny assembled a considerable force; negotiations were renewed with Elizabeth; and the Admiral, with his instinctive perception that French Protestantism ought to incline towards the sea, laboured diligently at the defences of La Rochelle. A series of military operations ensued. Two armies, under the command of the Duke of Anjou and the Duke of Montpensier, marched against Condé on different lines; and the region between the Loire and the Charente became the theatre of a succession of indecisive movements and combats. In March 1569, Condé, at the head of his principal force, advanced towards the Charente, in order to rally a Huguenot detachment in Gascony; but he was headed by the Duke of Anjou, who, occupying the left bank of the stream, barred with his army any progress southward. The Prince now contemplated a march towards the north, to effect his junction with his supports on the Loire; but, either owing to his own hesitation, or to certain bad dispositions of Coligny, the Huguenot army on the right bank remained extended in disunited columns, that exposed a long flank to a daring enemy. Anjou, crossing the Charente at break of day, fell in force on the Reformers on the 13th; position after position was carried; and their scattered masses were quickly flying before the heroic Catholic horsemen. Condé was in the van with a few cavaliers; but, at the pressing summons of the Admiral, entangled in the broken centre and rear, he wheeled round, and endeavoured to retrieve the day. We transcribe, from the Duc d'Aumale's narrative, this animated sketch of the *mêlée* that ensued; it brings out clearly the gallantry of Condé, and the effects of his sudden and dashing charge: —

“Condé had neither a foot soldier nor a gun.

Out of the whole main battle he brought only two compagnies d'ordonnance, and some nobles and gentlemen in his train, in all three hundred horsemen. He has neither time to await the rest of his troops, nor the means of retreating; in a few minutes he will be surrounded on all sides. The moment he reaches the field he orders Coligny to charge the Duke of Guise with his whole cavalry. As for himself he will extricate the right wing and attack the mighty columns of the Duke of Anjou. He calls for his arms. As he is putting on his helmet, the charger of La Rochefoucauld breaks his leg with a kick; one of his arms had already been disabled by a fall. Mastering the pain, he turns round to his cavaliers, and, pointing to his injured limbs, and to the device borne by his cornet, “*Doux le peril pour Christ et la patrie,*” “Here nobles of France!” he exclaims, “here is the wished-for time. Remember in what plight Louis of Bourbon goes into battle for Christ and his country.” So saying he bows his head, and with his three hundred lances falls on the eight hundred of Anjou. The charge was irresistible; every squadron yielded to the terrible shock; and the confusion was so great that, for a moment, the Catholics believed that the day was lost.”

This success, however, was of brief duration; the Huguenot horsemen were soon surrounded by a surging tide of infuriated foes. After witnessing the fall of most of his companions, the Prince, wounded and unable to move, surrendered to two Catholic gentlemen. The fate of the gallant warrior was tragic: —

“The Royal cavalry continued the pursuit; its squadrons pass by the group that had been formed around Condé. The Prince soon perceived the red cloaks of the guards of Anjou. He points to them; D'Argence understands; “Hide your face!” was his exclamation. “Ah, D'Argence, D'Argence!” replied Condé, “you cannot save me.” Covering his face, like Cæsar, he awaited death; the unhappy man knew too well the perfidious hate of the Duke of Anjou, and his “bloody counsels.” The Guards had passed, when their captain Montesquieu, having heard the name of the prisoner, cries out “*Tue, tue, mon Dieu,*” and shatters the head of the captive with a pistol-shot.”

The naked and bloody corpse of the Prince was carried on an ass through the Catholic camp. The Huguenot prisoners wept at the sight, and many of the Catholics turned away their heads; but Anjou spurned the remains with brutal levity. So died this brave and chivalrous man. Nor is it difficult to understand his character. Bold and generous, but light-headed and dissolute, Condé was never a genuine Huguenot at heart; he was not moved by the earnest

convictions and fervent zeal of the men of religion. Nor did he sympathize truly with their cause; he joined it from disappointed ambition; he would sacrifice it for his own ends; his high birth and courtly associations divided him from its most noble adherents, and made them somewhat distasteful to him. An accident made him the head of his party; but he had not the genius to retain the position; the real leader was the illustrious Coligny; and Condé was merely one of those brilliant personages who occasionally adorn important movements, but do not rule their course, or decide their fate. Yet he was a good soldier and a princely gentleman, who, at a memorable crisis in the destiny of France, took, what we believe, was the patriotic side, and fought for it nobly to the death; nor shall we condemn, as mere treason, his imprudent negotiations with Elizabeth. It is unnecessary to say that, in some respects, this estimate of Condé is not that of the illustrious author of this work:—

“The Prince was dissolute, and often caused scandal; he agitated his country and opened its gates to foreigners; he fought against his King and abandoned the religion of his sires; these are the shadows on the picture. We do not attempt to justify him; yet we may say that his vices and his crimes, like his virtues and high deeds, were in a great measure those of his age. No doubt he became a Huguenot without deep religious conviction; but vexation and ambition were not his only motives. Fighting as he did under the standard of the Reformers, he was not only avenging injuries done to himself, he was contending for the independence of the nation and the Crown, and for a legitimate succession in serious danger; he opened the way to Henry IV.”

The name and honours of Condé descended to his eldest son, Henry, a boy of seventeen. This young Prince had been carefully brought up, with Henry of Navarre, by Jeanne d'Albret; unlike his father, he continued through life devoted in heart to the Reformed doctrines. Jeanne d'Albret, like the Spartan matron, despatched the cousins to the field at once; the Huguenot nobles proclaimed them their chiefs; but Coligny was still the real head of the cause. The youths served under the Admiral in the campaigns—described rather hastily by the Duc d'Aumale—in which Coligny, breathing the fire of his heroic spirit into the Reformers, succeeded, after repeated defeat, in wresting from the discomfited Government the favourable conditions of the Peace of St. Germain. During the short period when this great man directed the policy of the Louvre, Condé

was often the guest of Catherine and Charles; and, as is well known, the double marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret of Valois, and his own with a Princess of the House of Cleves, was the immediate prelude of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In that night of horror and blood, when the palace of royalty became the shambles where fanaticism and perfidy slaughtered their victims, Condé, it is said, was the peculiar object of the fury and threats of the frenzied King; and but for the intercession of the Queen, he would have perished with other Princes of the Blood. Unlike his more supple and politic cousin, he resisted for a long time the mandates of the Court advising him to abjure his faith; but he yielded at last with avowed reluctance, and even consented to take part in the siege of his father's loved Rochelle during the reign of terror that followed the massacre. Unable, however, to acquiesce or temporize, Condé struggled to escape from this thralldom. The atrocities of the infatuated government having alienated many even of the Catholic nobles and the King's brother the Duke of Alençon, the Prince listened to the overtures of this party—the germ of the great *parti politique* that ultimately became supreme in the kingdom—but, the designs of its leaders having been discovered, he was compelled suddenly to fly from France. He now threw off the mask of Catholicism he had worn with pain, and became the leader of the extreme section of the Reformers which drew its fierce inspirations from Geneva. Uncompromising and austere, his character befitted him to play this part; but a private wrong had quickened his hatred of the Court, for the licentious Anjou had loved his wife; and this adventure, made by Court poets and wits the theme of insolent verses and jests, had deeply wounded his sensitive nature. We shall not follow the Duc d'Aumale in his elaborate account of the career of the Prince during the troubled period of civil wars, broken by short intervals of unquiet peace, that France witnessed during the next few years. Condé, though he co-operated with them for a time, broke off from Alençon and his adherents, and the *politiques* headed by the heir of the Constable; he protested at the States-General of Blois against any tampering with “a corrupt creed,” and resisted, as trifling with the Powers of Darkness, the efforts of the more temperate Huguenots to obtain freedom of worship for themselves, and to bind up the wounds of the distracted kingdom. He lived usually in state at La Rochelle—the rallying point of the violent Reformers

who had received the name of the Counter League — and, in the varying phases of the long contest, he led a series of expeditions against the Catholics in Poitou and Touraine. He was, however, on the whole unfortunate; his abilities did not equal his zeal; and, though estimated by his party as a hero, he failed in most of his military undertakings. He was often obliged to make his escape from France; we find him soliciting aid from Germany, from Elizabeth, and from the Protestant Swiss Cantons against the common "Catholic enemy"; and of all the Huguenot leaders he was the most open to the reproach of sacrificing the interests of the country to the passions of a sect.

Conduct such as this could not fail to annoy the Prince's cousin, Henry of Navarre, in the circumstances in which France was placed. Charles IX. had been for some years dead; the Crown had devolved on his brother Anjou, the feeble and degraded Henry III.; and it was evident that the decaying race of the Valois would leave no male descendants. Henry of Navarre had become the heir to the throne; and though Henry of Guise and the League were dominant; though Philip II. seemed on the point of annexing the crown of France; and though Catherine and her worthless son, yielding to the force of a stronger will, pretended to uphold the Spanish policy — signs were not wanting that the cause of legitimacy would triumph with an able and popular leader. The excesses and unpatriotic baseness of the League had disgusted the moderate Catholics; the *parti politique* was increasing in strength; it already looked to the Huguenot Henry as its future sovereign, and the hope of the nation. That remarkable man — astute and calculating under the guise of merry light-hearted frankness — endeavoured to gain the support and attachment of this growing party of patriotism and good sense, the triumph of which would be his own; and accordingly he condemned in his open way the obstinacy of Condé and the extreme Reformers; nor can we doubt that his statesman-like mind, broad, vigorous, and somewhat indifferent to creeds, had no sympathy with the leader of a sect sincere, indeed, but uncongenial and rigid. A coolness arose between the cousins; and though no open rupture took place, and Henry was often in the field with Condé in their common enterprises against the League, they were separated in feelings, wishes, and objects. Catherine, with her usual Machiavellian art, endeavoured to increase this estrangement; ever seeking to compass her ignoble objects

by dividing those whom she felt to be her enemies. But, unlike his silly and frivolous father, Henry was not to be the puppet of this woman. He had dallied among her squadron of Circes, and revelled in many an easy conquest, but no Kate had ever mastered that Hotspur. He had yielded graciously to imperious power and had feigned a willing obedience to it; but he yielded merely for his well-considered ends; he had counterplotted and baffled treachery; and if he wore the fox's skin the strength of the lion was beneath it. Such a man, engaged in the arduous task of winning slowly his way to the throne, and becoming the head of a great nation by a policy of conciliation and justice, in spite of the efforts of a dangerous confederacy, was not likely to make an open foe of the leader of a party still attached to him; and though Henry pretended to humour the Queen, and at heart had little regard for Condé — he took care never to break with him. The cousins, throughout the civil war, continued upon the same side, though genuine friendship soon ceased to exist.

The Duc d'Aumale describes the feeling of Henry at this juncture with great ability; his sketch is perhaps rather too favourable, but we believe the outline is in the main correct: —

"Navarre had had the art to seem to follow the counsels of his supporters, and of Conde among others, who, we need not say, always advocated extreme measures. In taking this attitude the Bearnese obliterated the divisions of the Huguenot party, and at the same time by the Concordat of Magdeburg, strengthened the tie of religion that united him to the Queen of England and the Princes of Germany. Already, by frequent embassies and able diplomacy, he had prepared this result; but contrary to the example set by his party, he had not made one promise, or taken an engagement, that his subjects could reproach him with. In the same way he associated himself with Montmorency, the most powerful of the *politiques*; this was a pledge of his wish to conciliate; not a word he uttered, not a sentence from his pen, deprived the moderate Catholics of the hope of seeing his ultimate conversion. Thus, while he acts for the present his eye is ever fixed on the future; discouragement does not reach his heart, and the excitement of the contest does not disturb his high intelligence. His deeds are often those of a party-chief, his language is always tolerant and dignified, as befits the future head of a great nation. As we trace, not only in his addresses to the great bodies of the state, but in his letters to private gentlemen, this far-sighted and magnanimous wisdom; as we follow in the details of his daily life that ac-

tivity that nothing wearies, that presence of mind that nothing troubles, we understand how he came out victorious from that formidable and unequal struggle into which he entered with God his protector, and France his judge. God did not forsake him, and the verdict of the nation was for him; at the end of ten years he laid down his arms a Catholic and King of France."

In the summer of 1587 Henry and Condé were together in the field. After a feeble struggle to escape from his masters, the King had yielded to the commands of the League, and had promised to chastise the Huguenot rebels. Three armies had been set on foot under Guise, Joyeuse, and Henry himself; but the King hesitated behind the Loire; perhaps, with the usual perfidy of the Court, he delayed, to allow the contending parties to destroy each other to his own advantage. Some months passed in trifling operations; but in October, the main Huguenot army having marched southwards to obtain reinforcements, Joyeuse endeavoured to cut it off, and, advancing with his troops towards the Dordogne, ordered one of his lieutenants, Matignon, to approach and join him upon that river. Henry and Condé having occupied Coutras, forced themselves between the two Catholic armies, divided from each other by the Dordogne; and Henry, with true military insight, resolved to fall upon Joyeuse at once before the arrival of his colleague. The battle that followed is described by the Duc d'Aumale with admirable clearness; but we have space for a single scene only, the encounter of the Huguenot cavalry with the gay horsemen of the nobles of the League:—

"Condé, seeing the squadrons on his right broken, seeks to charge the victors, when an old captain, named Des Ageaux, seized the reins of his horse, and exclaimed 'That is not your game, it is there'—and pointed out to him the cavalry of Joyeuse about to put itself in motion. At this critical moment the King of Navarre calls about him his cousins and principal officers, and addresses them in deep and resonant accents. 'My friends, here is a quarry very different from those you have taken before. Here is a bridegroom with his marriage presents in his pouch—the flower of the Court is with him. Will you be beaten by this fine dancer and these minions of the Court? Yes, we have them,' he exclaims, 'I see it in your faces. Yet, let us believe that the event is in the hands of God; let us all pray for his aid. This will be the greatest deed we shall ever have done; be the glory to God, the service to the King our Sovereign Lord, the honour to us, the good result to the state.' Henry unhelms; the

ministers Chandieu and Damours chaunt a prayer for the army, and the horsemen repeat in chorus the 12th verse of the 118th Psalm:—

'La voicy l'heureuse journee
Que Dieu a fait à plein desir.'

As each soldier was taking his place, the King stops his cousins—'Gentlemen,' he exclaims, 'I have but one thing to say—recollect that you are of the House of Bourbon. Please God I will show you I am your elder.' 'And we will prove good younger brothers,' was the reply of Condé."

Coutras was the first great Huguenot victory, and like the siege of Cahors, and Ivry afterwards, it entitles Henry to a considerable place among the distinguished captains of that age. The Duc d'Aumale thus comments on the battle, and on the military talents of Henry; but we still venture to think that the great Bourbon was inferior in genius, not only to Parma, who towers over all the generals of the time, but to Spinola, and probably to Maurice of Nassau:—

"The victory was the more glorious, inasmuch as it was gained over an army superior in numbers and nearly equal in quality. It was due to the heroism of the King, to his decision, his watchfulness, his quick perception, his intelligent tactics, to that creative instinct he employed in politics and in war alike, and which was to inspire him in the brilliant defensive engagement of Arques, on the day of Ivry, and on other occasions. The rare military qualities of Henry IV. are not sufficiently understood; the bright and amiable side of that noble figure has always been brought to light; the double genius he possessed has often remained in the shade. Every one knows the gay and witty Prince, the brave soldier and bold partisan; but the able commander, the successful administrator, the great ruler, deserves the gratitude of France and the admiration of posterity. . . . Henry IV. perfectly understood war as it was waged in his own time, and his own country. As a tactician, his genius was creative; in arraying his troops, and making a good use of his ground, he was without a rival in his day; he sometimes felt the inspiration of a great commander in the general management of military operations; but he never attempted those deep combinations that prepare, delay, or bring on battles; strategy was unknown to him. Superior to all the French generals of that era, Henry IV. was unable to baffle any of the plans of the Duke of Parma. Perhaps, had the struggle between them been prolonged, the vigour of his mind would have enabled him to imitate the science of his rival; perhaps, too, Farnese, in the field, would have found it difficult to withstand the prompt resolution and energy of his adversary."

On the field of Coutras Condé had displayed the hereditary valour of the race of

Bourbon. He was thrown from his horse, and hurt inwardly, by a lance-thrust towards the close of the day; and his frame, always rather slender and delicate, was not strong enough to recover from the shock. After lingering a few months, he expired. His death led to unhappy consequences that long darkened the lot of his family. In his wanderings he had won the heart of a noble lady of the House of La Tremouille, who had enabled him to return to La Rochelle from exile; he had married her, and there is no reason to doubt the conjugal fidelity of the Princess. But, with the usual credulity of that age, his death having been ascribed to poison, a tale of adultery and murder was spread about; and his unfortunate widow, although pregnant, was thrown into prison, where she remained some years. The character of Condé is thus described by the Duc d'Aumale with discriminating skill:—

“He was more sincerely regretted by the Reformation than his father, though his services in their cause had been less brilliant. But he had espoused with eagerness their prejudices and fancies; and it is this for which parties are often most grateful, in the case of their followers and leaders alike. For the rest, the sincerity of his religious convictions gave him a title to their respect. He was austere in his morals, and strict in his principles. He was brave, determined, obstinate, and an unbending partisan. But in politics and war he was deficient in insight; his mind was narrow, not very just, and he did not possess that rare gift of the King of Navarre—readiness for every turn in the game. He was unsuccessful in almost all his undertakings; his private and public life was an unhappy one, and yet he had a noble heart, he was easy, gracious, eloquent like his father, but with a little shyness that made him somewhat difficult of access. Perhaps in another situation his qualities would have been better developed; but birth and merit alike left him in the second place only. Henry IV. holds such a position in history that those by his side appear insignificant.”

Six months after the death of Condé his widow gave birth to a son who became the representative of his illustrious House. Like his father and grandfather, the infant grew to boyhood in the shadow of adversity, he shared in the sad fate of his mother, and was detained in one of the state prisons of France. The privations of the Princess and her child were severe; her letters show how hard, in that age, was the lot of even the most noble captives. Meanwhile France had passed successfully through a memorable revolution that decided her destiny. Unable to endure the tyranny of the

League, and the violence of its insolent chief, Henry III. had conspired to destroy it, had compassed the death of Henry of Guise, had turned to Henry of Navarre in the extremity of his distress, and had closed a life of perfidy and crime by falling under the dagger of Jacques Clement. His title had devolved on Henry of Navarre, who, after a long and dubious struggle, marked by the days of Arques and Ivry, by the siege of Paris, and the triumphs of Passau, had ascended the throne, bringing to an end, by a conversion we must pronounce fortunate, an era of ruinous civil wars, and moderating the anger of religious factions, by a wise, impartial, and national government, and by noble measures of just toleration. For a time, however, the position of the King and of the country he ruled was extremely precarious. The waves of the tempestuous sea, through which he had steered with masterly skill, were still high though the storm had lulled; Spain was hostile, and the ascendancy of the House of Austria threatened the independence of France; the fierce passions of the League raged beneath the ashes of the extinct Confederacy. Henry IV., too, had no legitimate children. Margaret of Valois, like almost all the offspring of Henry II. and Catherine of Medicis, being smitten as it were, with decay and barrenness: and the Holy See opposed difficulties to the divorce and re-marriage of a Prince, in its estimation almost a heretic, and utterly alien to Papal sympathies. Should, as seemed not unlikely, France be involved in foreign war or domestic troubles, her hopes would depend on a single life; what would be the fate, if, amidst these perils, the monarchy was left without a certain succession? These considerations turned the thoughts of Henry to the youthful scion of the House of Condé, who, though in captivity, now was the heir presumptive of the House of Bourbon. Yet much time elapsed before the Princess and her son regained their freedom, and this result was due, at last, to an accident. The legitimacy of the young Prince being challenged, the King hesitated to acknowledge, as a possible successor, one who might prove a mischievous Pretender; and, in truth, Henry had no regard for the son of a father he had secretly disliked. At last, in 1595, at the repeated instances of De Thou, who had made this concession the price of services in procuring the consent of the Parliament of Paris to the registration of one of the edicts of toleration, the prison doors of the captives were opened; the innocence of the Princess was proclaimed; and her son was

declared the true heir to the honours and possessions of the race of Condé.

Nothing in the early career of this Prince requires particular notice from us. Notwithstanding the protests of the extreme Reformers, he was brought up in the Catholic faith; and, until the marriage of Henry IV. and Mary of Medicis proved fruitful, was treated as presumptive heir to the Crown. He was educated with care by great nobles and scholars, as became a Prince of the Blood; but though he acquired a taste for letters and some of the accomplishments of a grand seigneur, he was not fitted to shine at a Court ruled by a Gabrielle or a Marquise de Verneuil. Short, like his father, and not handsome, he was somewhat shy and awkward in manner; and his austere bearing and melancholy looks seemed out of place in the ballets of the Louvre, or the revelry of St. Germain.

In 1608 he married; and the circumstances connected with the marriage illustrate curiously the morals of that age, and were associated with events of the greatest moment. The King, flitting from light love to light love, in spite of cares of state and advancing years, had cast his eyes on Marguerite de Montmorency, the youngest daughter of the first of his nobles now holding the sword of the famous Constable. The lady had been promised to a youthful courtier, in after years the eminent Bassompierre; but Henry IV. resolved that her hand should be bestowed on the Prince of Condé, "that his nephew having no inclination for the fair, she might become the joy of his own old age." The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, the beauty of the bride and her exquisite grace being the theme of many a dainty verse; and the amorous monarch, on her return to Court, pursued the Princess with such open attentions, that even the dissolute dames of the Louvre "gossiped but too freely about his Majesty's conduct." Spite of the remonstrances of grave counsellors and the ill-restrained jests of many a gay noble, Henry IV. was continually at the lady's side, dressed, like a youth, in her favourite colors; the "fêal chevalier" wrote often in passionate strains to his "bel ange;" though "roi, barbe grise, et victorieux," he would give up the world to bask in her smiles. The infatuation of the King was so great, that some act of royal violence was feared; and even the Court poet, the complaisant Malherbes, hinted that, in France, the authority of law ought to be paramount to the influence of love. After assuring Henry

"N'en doute point, quoi qu'il advienne,
La belle Oranthe sera tienne;
C'est chose qui ne peut faillir.
Le temps adoucira les choses,
Et tous deux vous aurez des roses
Plus que vous n'en saurez cueillir."

he puts his complaint into the mouth of the King—

"Mais quoi? ces lois dont la rigueur
Tiennent mes souhaits en lueur
Regnent avec un tel empire,
Qui si le ciel ne les dissout,
Pour pouvoir ce que je desire,
Ce n'est rien que de pouvoir tout."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the feelings of the Prince who had been insulted by this discreditable passion. The King had always disliked his nephew, and had treated him as a vile and silly dupe; and Condé found himself made by his marriage a dishonourable instrument of Henry's pleasures. The Princess too, it is said, showed no disinclination for her royal lover; she did not yield, but her heart was touched, or her vanity flattered, by his passionate adoration. Proud, sensitive, and knowing how ill he could compete with his uncle for a lady's favour, the Prince sought to conceal his shame in flight; he suddenly quitted his chateau of Muret, hurried with the Princess across the frontier, and, with a few attendants only in his train, took refuge at the little Court of Brussels. The Archduke, Albert of Austria, and Isabella of Spain, already alarmed at the hostile attitude of the ruler of France towards the Low Countries, were much annoyed at this apparition; but they tried to reconcile the claims of hospitality with meek deference to Henry IV.; and they received the Princess, with an intimation to Condé that, being a fugitive from his liege lord, he could not continue in their dominions. The Prince was escorted across the Rhine; and for some months the Archdukes were beset by entreaties, remonstrances, and vehement threats on the part of the discomfited royal lover. Envoy after envoy was despatched, insisting that "the Prince and his innocent consort should be given up;" the Constable wrote repeatedly to his daughter, adjuring her to leave her "disloyal lord"; and, at last, the rumour spread that a French army would cross the frontier to reclaim the fugitives. Condé was summoned to Brussels by the terrified Archdukes; and it cannot be doubted that the Marquis de Cœuvres, the ambassador of Henry, made an attempt, in which Condé was perhaps included, to carry off the Princess by force. We transcribe a brief passage of the narrative:—

"Cœuvres made up his mind to try the enterprise; the 14th of February, 1610, being the day fixed for the Princess to go to the palace, he made his arrangements to carry her off in the night of the 13th or 14th. Spinola received information of the design a few hours before, and it was necessary to tell the news to Condé. As was expected, the Prince could not master his vexation; he was not satisfied with demanding a guard from the Archduke, but filled the palace with his complaints, and ran through the town imploring assistance. The Prince of Orange, not less angry, called together all his friends, gave them arms, and told them to 'take and kill.' It was nightfall, the watch challenged each other with loud voices; pickets of cavalry traversed the streets preceded by torches; posts are set around the palace of the Prince of Orange; fires are lit, and the cry ran that the King of France was already at the gates."

This violence of Henry IV. exasperated the grandees at Brussels, and touched the pride and punctilious honour of the Spanish Government. The exquisite beauty of the Princess, too, to which the Archduke Albert and the illustrious Spinola paid loyal homage, with many others, enlisted sympathy for her cause; and though her husband was treated with the pleasantry and scorn that persons in his situation meet with, it was thought a foul wrong that one so fair should be handed over to a royal adulterer. At Brussels, too, and even at the Escorial, it was argued that it would be good policy to support Condé against his sovereign. The House of Austria and Spain, it was felt, would soon be involved in war with France; and, in that event, the alliance of Condé, a Prince of the Blood, and the possible leader of a discontented party among the Huguenots, who had never forgotten his father's name, might be of great, nay paramount importance. The traditions of the influence of the Constable of Bourbon appear to have determined the Spanish statesmen. Condé was received in high state at Milan, and promised the protection of Philip III.; and the Archdukes were incited to defy the menaces of the King of France. Henry IV., divided between anger and love, summoned his nephew to appear and answer for his crimes, and wrote in ardent and tender phrase to the Princess to fly to her lover. The affair engaged the pens and the thoughts of the foremost diplomatists of the age; and the wrongs of Condé and the claims of his sovereign were discussed in hundreds of grave state-papers. Meanwhile Henry IV. quickened the preparations he had been making for war; the nobles of France were called to arms; the roads of the kingdom

were covered with troops in such numbers and martial force as never had been beheld before; and while Austria and Spain were threatened in the Alps, in Savoy, and along the Pyrenees, the King marshalled his principal army with the avowed object of invading Belgium. The court poet only echoed the voice of general rumour, that the Princess of Condé was the origin of the fast approaching contest.

More than one writer has followed Malherbes, and has ascribed the memorable war that ensued to the wild passion of the bewitched King. The rupture may have been accelerated by it, but it would be disregarding the broad facts of history, and misinterpreting the character of a sovereign — great notwithstanding some serious faults — to suppose that the question really turned on any such petty or personal matter. Henry IV. had for many years foreseen that a struggle between France, Austria, and Spain was inevitable, and was necessary to the greatness of his kingdom; he had made immense preparations for it with the foresight and energy of a true statesman; and, backed by the Protestant princes of Germany, by the Duke of Savoy, by Holland, and Venice, he was ready for the field in 1610. The bright eyes of Marguerite de Montmorency had little really to do with the work that was the crown of his political life; if love hastened his purpose, wisdom had formed it and brought it slowly to full maturity; and, in fact, the immediate cause of the war was the disputed succession of Juliers and Cleves, nor did the tardy consent of the Archdukes to give up the Princess of Condé delay hostilities even for an instant. We entirely agree with the Duc d'Aumale in his judgment on Henry's motives and conduct: —

"If Henry IV. took a kind of guilty pleasure in occupying himself about the Princess of Condé, if he continued to pursue, with rather a feigned ardour, this fancy of his declining years, his genius remained undisturbed and free, his policy did not change. That the Low Countries would have been invaded sooner or later, according to circumstances, cannot be doubted by any one who has studied the projects of Henry IV. The result would have been the same had he never become the lover of the Princess. . . . It was not, we must own, by noble means, not by the glorious daring of Launcelot or Tristram, that the King sought to recover the lady of his love; he could amuse himself by embroidering the cipher of his mistress upon his scarf, and yet have little in common with the heroes of the Round Table. Yet, we have a right to say, it was not as a paladin, but as a great captain and a great king, that he made war. Amorous ca-

price neither inspired his plans nor changed them. As we study the extent and completeness of his military preparations, the depth and perfection of his combinations; as we examine the resources he had collected, and the alliances he had secured beforehand,—as, in a word, we contemplate the situation of France and Europe, we must tear up the romance of chivalry that has been attributed to a personage by no means romantic.”

The melancholy death of the great King for a time changed the political situation, and Condé at once returned from exile. The present volumes stop at this point; their successors will continue the life of the Prince, and will doubtless unfold the splendid career of his more celebrated and illustrious descendant the “Great Condé of Rocroy and Fribourg.” Our estimate of this part of this work may be gathered from what we have already written. The Duc d’Aumale has traced with masterly skill the details of the religious wars of France. In this respect his labours are of permanent value to French history. He has sketched, too, with vigour and accuracy, many of the personages of this stirring era; has described, admirably, the policy and character of Henry IV.; and has occasionally interspersed his narrative with judicious and

very happy comments. We do not, however, coincide with his views of the great Huguenot movement in France, of the conduct of its principal leader, Coligny, or of the attitude of the Government of France towards it; here, we think, the Duc has yielded to the influence of traditions far from the sober truth. But we have read his book with extreme pleasure; it throws a great deal of new light on a tract of time of enduring interest; it assures us that the scions of the House of Bourbon still shine as brilliantly in the walks of letters as in the more conspicuous avenues to glory and fame. Nothing but opportunity has been wanting to enable the Duc d’Aumale to fill a page in history as brilliant as any that records the exploits of the most illustrious of his race. He, like them, was born with courage and genius

“To make him famous by the pen,
And glorious by the sword.”

The modest dignity of his life, as an English country-gentleman, has not effaced the recollection of his early achievements as a French soldier; and a cultivated taste for letters has added a charm to a character which awaits only the call of his country to be great.

THE EGG TRADE.—Some interesting details respecting the trade in eggs have been published by a German paper. It appears that the use and importation of eggs in England increases vastly from year to year. From 1843 to 1847 the import for the year amounted to 73 millions of eggs, during the next five years, 103 millions on an average, in the following year 147 millions and in the next, 163 millions. In the year 1861, 203 1-3 millions; in 1864, 335 1-3 millions; and in 1866 as much as 430,878,880 eggs, a value of 1,097,197l. By far the greater part of the imports come from France; on the other hand, very few eggs are brought from Germany. The cargoes of eggs are chiefly shipped in steamers, and go to the harbours of Southampton, London, Folkestone, Newhaven, and Shoreham. The time of egg-laying begins in France from January to March; April, May, and June are the most productive months; in July the production falls off, takes up a little again in August and September, leaves off entirely in October and November, and in December is absolutely nil. In order to obtain eggs even at this time scientific means are employed. The stables are warmed and the hens are fed with buckwheat and meat. Paris alone consumes 12,000,000 francs worth of eggs. One may generally assume that the districts which grow buckwheat

produce most eggs. The harbours from which the greatest export of eggs takes place are Calais, Cherbourg, and Honfleur; at Calais the eggs are packed in chests and straw, 1,100 eggs in each chest; at Cherbourg and Honfleur in chests of 600 to 1,200. The business is very profitable, and such results might probably follow in Germany if the land-owners, especially the smaller proprietors, would introduce a rational system of poultry keeping. Of late years large masses of eggs are opened in the German markets, and the yolk sold cheap; the white to manufacturers,

M. SAINTE BEUVE.—The executors of the late M. Sainte Beuve are greatly embarrassed. Among his correspondence they have found letters from the Princess Mathilde to the deceased gentleman, couched in the style that one intimate friend would use towards another. These letters are devoid of circumlocution and diplomatic phrases, and state in plain terms the writer's opinions on the political topics of the day, neither the Emperor nor the Empress being spared. What are the executors to do with these letters?

III.*

Brama assai, poco spera e nulla chiede.
TORQUATO TASSO. *Gerusal. Liber.*

A LONG line of carriages stood in front of Count Dawidoff's palace. The horses, having heavy blankets thrown over them, stood immovable; their drivers tried to warm their almost frozen limbs by a glass of tea from time to time. They had to wait there many hours yet, for in Petersburg carriages are rarely sent back, to come out again at the precise hour their owners actually require them. They are generally kept standing in front of the house during the whole of the entertainment—a double cruelty to both men and animals.

A soirée was being given in the brilliantly lighted salons of the palace. Dancing had to be dispensed with on account of the lenten season; music was to be the chief attraction instead. Even the Grand Duke, a great admirer of music, had promised to attend at the Count's invitation.

The change from the dark frosty February night outdoors, to the bright warm vestibule of the palace, was a very pleasing one. Numerous servants in rich liveries, even fantastically-dressed negroes among them, were continually ascending and descending the broad staircases profusely decorated with flowers. From out the coverings of costly furs, glided charmingly-dressed handsome women, merrily and with high-bred grace conversing in various tongues with elegant cavaliers in uniforms and dress-coats.

All the salons were thrown open, and a checkered crowd, composed of the various elements of aristocracy, was thronging them. Representatives of all the foreign embassies were there; even the Turkish minister with the entire personnel of the legation was not missing. A question put in French was answered in English, and Italian and Spanish sounds were heard on all sides. The German and Russian idioms seemed to be almost excluded by common consent.

In the embrasure of a window, which commanded a full view of the brilliantly lighted winter-garden with its bosquets and fountains, as well as of the music-hall with its pale-tinted marble walls, two gentlemen were engaged in eager conversation. The one with delicate and mobile features, of medium height and dressed with blameless elegance, was the First Secretary of the French Legation. Turning to his companion, he said:

"What do you think of Petersburg society?" The person thus addressed smilingly took a survey of the people in the room, before replying. He was, even in these circles, which generally abound in persons of note and remarkable exterior, of so striking an appearance, as not to be passed by without notice. He was tall and slender in figure, of an aristocratic elegance, although perfectly *nonchalant* in his manners; his features were deeply marked, his eyes dark and of a remarkable changeableness of expression. Of his pale face, which was overshadowed by dark, slightly curly hair, it was difficult to say, whether it was still young or had already assumed an old look.

"You may boast of a great number of handsome women here," was his reply to the diplomatist's question. The latter nodded complacently and added:

"Such is the case. I can assure you, cher ami, these balls at the winter-palace are a perfect gallery of beauties. Whilst in other countries the ladies at court are almost always selected from among the homeliest of their sex, the Empress and Grand-Duchesses here surround themselves with a bevy of the most charming demoiselles d'honneur, everyone of whom ought to have a special dame d'honneur attached to herself."

"Would you have the exceeding kindness to favor me with some of the names of this charmed circle?" said the tall one. "I am an utter stranger here and have seen scarcely anybody except the Grand-Duke and his wife, since my arrival the day before yesterday."

"Ask any questions you please," was the other's prompt reply. "Mon Dieu, we are but too happy to chat. Politics are at a dead calm and salon-gossip is all that is left us to indulge in. Moreover Count Dawidoff has specially requested me to be your cicerone."

The tall gentleman made a polite bow.

"Who is that radiantly beautiful woman in the white velvet dress, who just entered the wintergarden? Her neck and arms are of a truly classical outline."

"That lady is Madame de Santos, as intellectual and amiable as she is beautiful, and as coquettish as all these together."

"Ahem!" said the stranger carelessly. "I tried in vain last winter in Paris to meet her. She was then leading a very retired life, owing to the death of a friend of hers, the great poet-artist, whose loss she deeply mourned."

"I know! She showed a great deal of

[* Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1839, by Littell & Gay in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.]

feeling on that occasion," said the Secretary. "In fact she has no lack of feeling, and this may account for her numerous *affaires de cœur*. She is however so charmingly beautiful, and has such an air of naiveté, that the most rigid lady-chaperone is willing to indulge her. She is received in the very best society, in which respect she owes something to the position of her great-uncle, at whose house she has been staying since the death of her husband. The old Prince, who has been one of the most influential men of the Empire, and who has even yet the most extensive connections everywhere, is still a *persona grata* at court and no important affair in foreign politics is decided upon without his advice. He is himself so deeply in love with his handsome, brilliant and captivating great-niece, that he readily pardons the numerous extravagances the world accuses her of."

"Madame de Santos can no longer be very young. If I am not mistaken, she has a grown-up daughter."

"She married very young; the timid little girl near the large mirror on your left, is her daughter. Her features are anything but marked or expressive — she has a face, which one hardly knows what to make of."

The stranger gave a low laugh, and directed his eye-glass full on Madame de Santos, whose proud profile was turned towards him.

"Remarkable! That woman's eyes are everywhere!" continued the Frenchman. "She is scarcely more than ten minutes in the room, and already has she discovered, that you are a new and highly interesting arrival. I know from experience that rather dangerous glance she was just casting at you. Look! She is beckoning Count Rostoff to her side. He is the most stupid of chamberlains, hence she can make all the better use of him, in obtaining information about you. That serviceable Count has the very appropriate nickname of Master Holofernes."

"What gave him that name? Has he perchance found a Judith?"

"Not exactly. It would scarcely be worth while to take off so stupid a head. No, he owes that name to a very witty remark of his. One of my colleagues, in speaking to him of a certain lady the other day, said: 'She is very beautiful, a perfect Juno!' Rostoff evidently intending to say something very witty in return, replied: 'You are quite right — still, I should not like to be her Holofernes!' He had evidently confounded his little of mythology with his equally vague reminiscences from

the Bible. Ever since he goes by the name of Master Holofernes."

"Who is that handsome man that bowed to you just now? His is the very beautiful of an artist's head!"

"He is indeed an artist — our great painter Isakoff, by birth an Armenian, which accounts for his dark curly hair and his Greek profile. You have doubtless seen some of his paintings at the Grand-Duke's palace. The late Emperor had found the boy in the streets of Siniferopal, covering the white walls of the paternal hut — his father by-the-bye was a cobbler by trade — with drawings in coal. The good-looking and sprightly boy pleased him; he had him educated at the expense of the Crown, and Russia may safely boast of possessing an artist of the first rank. His brush knows how to imitate on canvass the rich play of colors so peculiar to the waters of the Black Sea. The pale woman, with the long auburn ringlets, is his wife. A noble-looking couple! The malicious world whispers pretty loudly, that Madam is sorely trying him by her jealousy. She is an English woman, and being rich, her spleen is perfectly natural. You will soon find out that he speaks to the older ladies only; the younger ones he has to pass by with eyes cast down, lest a terrible scene of convulsions and petty annoyances on the part of the mother-in-law be enacted at home, for in order to enhance his conjugal happiness, he has taken his wife's mother into his house. The poor fellow suffers all the torments of Tantalus. He is also a great painter of portraits and genre-pieces; but he has had to renounce these branches of his art. His wife does not permit him to take any other model but herself, and in spite of her beauty, people soon began to tire of admiring Madame Isakoff as a nymph, a Rebecca at the well or as Princess Leonore d'Este. You know what I mean — *toujours perdrix!* Isakoff, who is one of your yielding natures, now confines himself to landscapes exclusively. Mother Nature is the only dame with whom he is allowed a free and undisturbed intercourse, and . . . ah! here are Princess Souwanoff and her adopted daughter," the Frenchmen suddenly interrupted his piquant remarks, when the two named ladies passed close by them, politely returning his bow.

The stranger hastily fell back a few steps behind the folds of the drapery. His eyes followed Clemence with a peculiar expression, while she stopped at the entrance to the music-hall, exchanging salutations with Count Dawidoff.

"Is not hers a charming face!" enthusi-

astically exclaimed the Frenchman. "Miss Clemence d'Orville, a countrywoman of yours. Her French descent gives us the privilege of calling her ours likewise. Voyez, we diplomatists are not given to sentimentality, but this young girl, who for years has safely and securely moved in the frivolous society of this city, has something very touching in her for me. She seems to interest you also—you can hardly take your eyes off her."

"I believe I know this young woman; I do not know however, whether she still remembers me."

"That is easily found out! Let me introduce you at once."

"Let us wait awhile," was the stranger's evasive reply. "Tell me rather what position Miss d'Orville is occupying here?"

"She is the adopted daughter, or if you will, the lady-companion of Princess Souwanoff, and let me also tell you, an excellent artiste. It is not difficult for a young, handsome and accomplished girl to play a brilliant role in Petersburg society. It has been all the easier for her, because Princess Souwanoff, who loves her as an own daughter and treats her as such in every respect, is one of our very first ladies. Among the highest Russian aristocracy, you will find many families, which in point of nobility of sentiment and highmindedness can fully cope with the most honorable representatives of the French and English aristocracy. Their time-honored customs and patriarchal manners, slightly flavored with an Oriental fragrance, combined as they are with the luxuries and comforts of our modern hyper-civilization, form a most singular mixture, whose peculiar charm cannot but be felt by every one gifted with finer feelings and perceptions. Princess Souwanoff belongs to one of these families, whence you will readily understand, that her protection is a valuable and potent passport in good society. Madame de Santos indeed thinks the salons of the Princess to be a rather tedious place; others, however, and I belong to that class, spend some of the most agreeable hours in them. I cannot recommend her house too highly, and since Miss d'Orville is doing the honors at the receptions there, people are more than ever emulous of being received. Miss d'Orville is one of our most celebrated young ladies, partly no doubt on account of laying evidently but little stress on any of the homages offered to her."

"Considering your enthusiastic praises of this fair lady, I am greatly surprised," said the stranger, who had been a very attentive listener throughout, "that she is not

married yet. There can surely be no lack of brilliant *partis* here?"

"Certainly not," eagerly replied the Frenchman; "she had but to choose. Still she has not done so, and seems to be so happy in the Souwanoff family, that she has not even a desire for any other home. I am acquainted with her ever since her first arrival among us and may safely count myself one of her friends; but—*entre nous* *soit dit*—the only fault I can discover in her is, that she has a cold heart, or at any rate dispenses that article very economically. Her repartees are cuttingly sharp, and whoever is not fully master of himself had better not venture too far with her. Count S—— the attaché of your embassy, Baron von Harden, is just making a long *détour*, in order to steer clear of Miss d'Orville. He has a bad conscience. Only imagine, that gentleman, proud of his rank, as only a German can be—*pardon, mon ami*—took it into his head the other day, to treat the young lady in a very condescending manner, when she called at his bureau in a passport-affair. Miss d'Orville, being on intimate terms with the Count's family, and purposely treating him as one of the inferior clerks of the embassy, very calmly informed him, that 'she did not wish to have the matter attended to by any of the subalterns, but preferred to wait until the return of the ambassador.' Whereupon she gave the astonished Count, formerly one of the independent little princes of the empire, a very cool bow and retired. This spicy little scene was related to me by the *Chargé d'affaires* ad interim, who, himself unnoticed, happened to be an eye-witness from the adjoining cabinet and had to listen to the Count's subsequent vehement ebullitions of anger and wounded pride."

Baron von Harden, or more probably speaking, Henrick von Berg-Harden, had been but an inattentive listener to the unceasing chit-chat of the diplomatist. He could plainly recognize Clemence. She was conversing with much animation, a slight flush lighting up her countenance now and then. She felt evidently perfectly at home in these circles.

"Count Dawidoff" resumed the Frenchman, "is a great admirer of Miss d'Orville, but has no ear for her interesting conversation at this moment; he is anxiously watching for the thrice-repeated sound of the bell, which is to announce the arrival of the Grand-Duke. Ah! there it is. He darts through the crowd like an arrow. You will soon see him return with the Grand-Duchess on his arm. The company are ranging themselves on either side, to make

passage-room. The ladies are looking to their trains, to see if they can spread them wide enough in making their regulation-curtsy. Madame de Santos is withdrawing to the winter-garden, not alone of course; she knows that the Grand-Duchess is not very favorably inclined towards her, and although a nod from one of Their Highnesses is not as anxiously coveted here, as elsewhere, still it is rather annoying to have them turn their backs upon you."

The Grand-Duke and his wife appeared at the entrance of the hall, attended by Count Dawidoff. Princess Koslowski, who made the hostess at her father's, welcomed Their Royal Highnesses and was just bending down to kiss the hand of the Grand-Duchess, when the latter forestalled her, by kissing her affectionately on the forehead.

Pleasantly smiling to the ladies and gentlemen around him, the Grand-Duke advanced through their ranks to the music-hall. The Grand-Duchess returned Clemence's profound bow by a genial smile, whilst the Grand-Duke went up to her and entered into a conversation with the young girl.

Baron von Harden tried in vain to hear what was said; the sound of the numerous voices around him made it impossible. A certain sensation of jealousy began to stir in him, when he saw the handsome and imposing figure of the Grand-Duke, (who strongly resembled the late Emperor,) conversing quite lively with Clemence, whose smiling lips and lustrous eyes betokened, that she was evidently engaged in a pleasant passage at words with him.

It was several years since he had thought of her or so much as inquired after her; yet at that moment, when he had accidentally met her once more, an almost angry feeling came over him, at the thought that she could be even for a moment interested in anybody else, whoever he be. Involuntarily he drew himself up to his full height—he knew that he could measure himself with any man present. The eyes of many a handsome woman were directed towards him. It had been whispered about for some time, that the celebrated virtuoso, Baron von Berg-Harden, a great artist and an accomplished nobleman at the same time, who had come to St. Petersburg at the special invitation of the Grand-Duke, was present that night. It was hoped, that he might be prevailed upon to play; yet nobody dared to ask him. He was known to be a singular character, this whimsical Baron.

The Secretary of the French Legation lightly touched his elbow.

"Are you still lost in admiration of your countrywoman? I can tell you to a nicety, what the Grand-Duke is conversing with her about. He would like to draw her into a little scrape, but he will not find it an easy task. Miss d'Orville is the authoress of a charming *bonmot* concerning the numerous and various assiduities of Prince S—. This prince has two grandes passions—one is agriculture, and literature the other. On his model-farms he is quite successfully raising Swiss cows; with far less success however has he labored to translate your great poet Schiller's 'Tell' into Russian. Miss d'Orville's piquant remark thereon has reached the ear of the Grand-Duke, who is perfectly delighted at any pleasantry made at his uncle's expense. On that very account he is so deeply interested to-day in paying his most pleasing attentions to the fair young lady."

The assembled guests were by this time crowding into the music-hall, where the concert was to begin. Baron von Harden entered with the rest and took a place very near Clemence, to whom Count Dawidoff advanced for the purpose of conducting her to the piano.

"What am I to play?" she asked the Count.

"Whatever pleases or suits you best. You will find a grateful audience for any and every thing."

Clemence struck a few brilliant preludial accords, while scanning the faces of the people around her. The picture was an animated one. The beautiful women in their elegant rustling dresses, adorned with flowers and diamonds, had grouped themselves in a half-circle around the Grand-Duchess. The manly form of the Grand-Duke towered above all others. He leaned against the back of the arm-chair occupied by his wife, nearest to whom sat Princess Souwanoff, whose eyes were vainly searching for her grandson. The gentlemen, mostly dressed in the rich uniforms of the regiments of the guard, formed the golden frame of the magnificent picture.

Baron von Harden had chosen his place in such a way, as to be able to see Clemence plainly, without being seen by her. The Frenchman's conversation no longer diverting his attention, he could at last scan her features closely. What strange sensation came over him as he did so? Why had he forgotten her? He felt himself once more irresistibly attracted towards the expressive face with the lovely eyes, which spoke a language so very different from that of the tightly closed lips. She had grown taller, fuller, and more beauti-

ful. He was a great stickler for forms, little as he heeded them himself. The perfect ease, with which she moved in a circle, which filled even him with a slight tremor, astonished him and involuntarily drew forth his admiration. She began to play. Familiar sounds struck on his ear and old, long forgotten and faded scenes of the past revived in his soul. He half-closed his eyes and dreamed himself back at the pretty little villa outside the gate, with the simple-hearted people near him, with whose quiet and peaceful life his restless, uneasy and discontented nature had never chimed. Accustomed, as he was, to yield recklessly to every emotion, he had blindly followed the promptings of his easily excited feelings, which led him towards her.

What was it, that had caused him to forsake her again? He began to ponder. It was strange indeed, that it should only now occur to him, to examine his feelings! He opened his eyes and gazed at her; he knew well the changing expression, which would dart across her features, when she listened to music. At such moments her face reflected all the impassioned emotions of her soul, which at others she suppressed; he knew how to interpret them.

She appeared more lovely and charming to him than ever. How could he have forgotten her! How? He began to remember. Her affection had become irksome to him, he had felt that he was under the sway of the violence of her passion. He had experienced similar attractions often before: great emotions were nothing new to him any longer. They were not suited to each other in the end. He saw nothing he need reproach himself with; the few sad hours he had caused her—why need she have taken it so much to heart? Girlish tears are easily dried, and ultimately she was all the happier for it now. She actually ought to be very grateful to him.

"Women have a peculiar faculty of doing away with memories much more readily than we do," he said to himself with a sarcastic smile. "Who, looking at those sparkling eyes, could possibly suppose, that once they wept in sad despair, because they imagined that all their happiness and peace was lost forever, when I turned to leave them."

He pushed back the dark glossy hair from his forehead—he was anxious to see the effect his unexpected appearance would produce upon her.

Clemence had concluded the plaintive andante, which preceded the wild rhapsody. The last accords, slowly dying away, led the audience to believe, that the finale had

come and a vociferous applause, such as the easily-moved Russians permit even in a salon, broke forth. Henrick von Harden had also risen from his seat and greeted the artiste with a loud and audible "Brava—brava!" She started at the sound of that voice, imperceptibly; but her sudden change of color did not escape his keen eye, while hers darted an almost angry look at him.

And angrily her fingers once more glided along the keys, producing a confusion of wild accords, as if she were trying to vent the storm, that raged in her soul. She had recognized him, she had not forgotten him—that Henrick plainly saw. He leaned calmly back and admired her masterly art and touch; even in these she let him see her complete and perfect training.

She had grown pale by the time she ended. The exertion had exhausted her. Count Dawidoff, among the loud manifestations of praise from all sides, led her to the Grand-Duchess, whose special favorite she was. Baron von Harden purposely stepped forward in order to be seen by the Grand-Duke, who was congratulating Clemence on her success.

"Ah! Harden," he exclaimed, "where you have been all this time? I have been looking for you this hour. Draw nearer, and let me introduce you to a charming little countrywoman of yours, a fellow-artist besides! Baron von Berg-Harden!" he said, turning to Clemence.

The young girl bowed politely. She forestalled his reply.

"Your Imperial Highness is preparing me a most agreeable surprise—Baron von Harden and I are old acquaintances."

She said this very calmly, and looked at him with perfect composure. He bit his lips—she had wonderfully improved in point of self-possession.

"That is charming, indeed," said the Grand-Duke merrily; "our belle demoiselle will all the more readily exert her irresistible efforts, in inducing the Baron to let us hear his wonderful violin. I have no right to request him to do us that favor, for I have solemnly promised never to urge or force him into it. Moreover I believe, that Count Dawidoff would be highly delighted at so illustrious an addition to his programme for the evening."

"Your Imperial Highness will graciously pardon me," replied Clemence with a curtsy; "there is a certain freemasonry among us fellow-artists, and we are bound to assist one another in trouble and peril, also in warding off what might be disagreeable. I shall therefore have to take good

care, not to express any desire, the compli-
ance with which might possibly incon-
venience Baron von Harden."

"You are not very anxious then to hear
the Baron?"

"How could that be possible, your High-
ness? I should be no artist, if I were not.
But I have no right to ask for that, which
is of value only as an emanation of the
artist's inspiration."

"Very adroitly worded," said the Grand-
Duke smilingly. "It is no easy task to cope
with you in matters of subtle dialectics.
But why could you not assert your privi-
leges of old acquaintanceship?"

Henrick, who had remained silent all the
while seeing, that the Grand-Duke had ad-
dressed his questions to Clemence, now
looked up, anxiously expecting her reply.
She hesitated a moment — but only a mo-
ment; the next she answered, with a slight
tinge of sarcasm in her voice:

"Your Imperial Highness will remember
the French proverb, perhaps a more cor-
rect, than a very kind one: '*les absents
ont toujours tort.*' I have been *absente* in
Baron von Harden's eyes so long, that I
consider my claims and privileges out-
lawed."

"Von Harden, your *entente cordiale* can-
not have been of the most satisfactory kind.
You seem to be on a war-footing."

"I am unable to deny it, your High-
ness," was Henrick's reply. "Neverthe-
less even hostile relations are relations
still, and decidedly preferable to indiffer-
ence or neutrality. I am quite content not
to be entirely forgotten by Miss d'Orville."

"There was no need for a similar appre-
hension on your part, Baron von Harden,"
said Clemence coldly. "Although I have
kept up scarcely any connections with the
country of my birth, the musical journals
have not failed to remind me frequently of
your name."

"Very kind in the 'musical journals,'"
said Henrick ironically; "it is the only ad-
vantage I have derived from the '*réclame*'
ever!"

The Grand-Duke exchanged a few more
pleasantries with Clemence, shook von Har-
den by the hand and walked off, to con-
verse with some foreign nobilities, whom
Count Dawidoff desired to present to him.

The two stood there facing each other in
silence. Clemence, who had to muster all
her courage and strength, to carry out the
role so ingenuously assumed, would have
been glad to hasten to the side of the Prin-
cess and to leave the assembly with her.
But her pride would not admit of this. Hen-
rick was not to see or suppose, that his un-

expected appearance had moved her as
deeply as he ever had before — that old
wounds had broken out anew! She felt, and
shuddered as she felt it, that the tranquillity,
which she had taken such pains to assume,
had forsaken her. A singular admixture of
love and anger was agitating her; love, at
hearing the rich soft tones of his voice and
seeing the tall handsome form with its pow-
erful and expressive head — anger, because
she intuitively perceived the intention on his
part, to provoke her and put her composure
to the test.

She scarcely dared to look up at him; she
knew that he understood the expression of
her eye, and feared he might read there, what
she did not wish him to know.

Henrick was the first to break the silence,
changing the tone of his voice in an instant
to a very different one — expressive of a
warm and heartfelt friendship. "I had a
presentiment, Clemence, that I should meet
you again — it is partly that, which has
brought me here." Why should he not
have indulged himself in this to him com-
monplace and trifling white lie? It would
have been too impolite to tell her, that he
had had no idea of meeting her here at St.
Petersburg. "You welcomed me at once
in the old familiar strain. Your rhapsody
has recalled many pleasing reminiscences of
the past."

"It was at the special request of our host,
that I came forward with that weird piece
of music. I have however by this time
played it so often, that it will be best to dis-
miss it from my *répertoire* for the future,"
replied Clemence, still intent upon keeping
the conversation within the bounds of an un-
restraint both easy, and free from danger.
She felt oh! so lonely! Much would she
have given to be able to take refuge in the
sheltering arms of a mother, imploring her:
"Take me hence, my soul is in peril!"
Tenderly as she loved the Princess, she yet
observed the limits of her own origin and for-
mer position too strictly, not to shrink from
making her protectress a confident also of
her continued inward struggles. It appeared
to her a singular and providential coinci-
dence, that she had been prevailed upon to
unburthen herself that very day, when the
past was once more rising up before her
smilingly, threatening to enchain her in the
bonds of old!

She looked about her for help and assist-
ance. The ubiquitous Secretary of the
French Legation suddenly burst upon her
vision like a *deus ex machina*, threading his
way towards her through the labyrinth of
the long trains of the courtly ladies. She
received him with so condescending and

genial a smile, as to fill even that cold diplomatist's heart with a radiant glow.

"I come to you as a bearer of despatches from Princess Souwanoff," he said, with an air of great dignity. "She has been pleased to allow me to see her to her carriage."

"Has the Princess gone home?" asked Clemence timorously. "Is she not well?"

"By no means. The heat of the room and the music have somewhat fatigued her; she had not expected to find so large an assembly."

"In that case you will much oblige me by rendering me the same kind service of escorting me to the door."

"Which is just what the Princess wished to avoid, and why she honored me with a message to you. I am her *envoyé extraordinaire, ministre plénipotentiaire*, and beg you will be kind enough to receive my mission graciously, even though I have no written credentials, which I might place in your delicate hands. It is *Madame la Princesse's* express desire, that you will remain until the soirée comes to its natural termination. She hopes you will not feel troubled in the least, and make us all happy by your charming presence."

"Are these Princess Souwanoff's own words?" inquired Clemence, smiling dubiously.

"Most certainly they are. I should not think of presuming to substitute a version of my own. Here comes a witness, who can testify to the truth of my words."

Count Dawidoff approached the little group. "You must not leave us, Clemence," he said kindly. "My sister has given you to me for this evening. The Grand-Duchess is very anxious to hear you again; you would spoil my entire programme, by going. Signora Bernardi is the next to give us one of her brilliant airs and after her, you will be good enough to resume your place at the piano."

Clemence could not resist or decline the entreaties of the old gentleman, who was one of her truest friends. She felt Henrik's scrutinizing eyes resting upon her—and the bare thought, that he might suppose she was afraid of him, gave her assurance and composure enough, to promise cheerfully to remain.

It was a relief to her, when she saw Count Dawidoff taking Baron von Harden along with him, in order to introduce him to Madame de Santos.

"Take good care!" the Frenchman called after him.

Henrik gave a proud shrug of the shoulders, made a formal bow to Clemence, and walked away with the Count.

The young girl breathed more freely; she took the arm of the Frenchman, whose amusing chit-chat relieved her of the trouble of conversing herself, and allowed him to take her to the winter-garden, whither the sound of the voices and the music could barely penetrate. She felt tired, and would have liked to close her eyes—forever! How empty was the splendor and pomp that surrounded her! A mere whim of Fate had given her a part to act in this frivolous world of ours, she played it well—that was all. She was obliged to wear out her mental and physical strength, in order to maintain a position, which was not hers by right, which she had not even desired.

Nicolai, who had arrived at a late hour, came to her. With the ever-suspicious eye of love he noticed immediately, that Clemence looked pale and sad. He inquired hastily, if anything disagreeable had happened to her. She answered him in the negative, but he appeared not to believe her, and she felt, that his eyes followed and watched her everywhere.

Von Harden did not again speak to her; he remained near her however for the purpose of watching her. The soirée seemed a never-ending one to her, and nothing save the mere force of habitual self-control enabled her to join, apparently cheerful and interested, in the light, bantering conversation, kept up by a circle of friends, who had gathered around her.

Impatiently she longed for the moment to arrive, when the Grand-Ducal pair would take their departure, which would give the other guests liberty to retire also. It came at last. She thought herself unobserved, when the Secretary escorted her to the vestibule, where the servants of the guests were awaiting them with furs, muffs and cloaks. When, however, she was on the point of entering her carriage, she perceived a sleigh standing near by, the driver of which wore the Imperial livery; a gentleman jumped in and calling "Auf Wiedersehen!" in German to her, quickly disappeared in the dark. It was Henrik's voice.

Clemence sank back with a sigh into the soft cushions of the carriage. "Auf Wiedersehen!" She trembled at the prospect. — * * *

Princess Souwanoff had driven out, to make some calls before dinner. In the morning she had had a long conversation with Clemence and urged upon her, not to decline Kornikoff's offer irrevocably. The young girl had nevertheless insisted upon refusing him. "I cannot marry an honest

man with a lie in my heart, nor can I make a humiliating confession," she said. Princess Souwanoff could get no other answer from her.

The February sun could scarcely penetrate the thick fog, which hung over the city that day. Clemence sat at her writing-desk in her room, trying to concentrate her thoughts upon the account-book before her, which contained the monthly statement of the household expenses.

"The gentleman is expecting Miss d'Orville in the blue room," announced the servant on entering, handing her on a silver tray a card, the German name on which he could not pronounce.

"Why didst thou not ask me first, if I was willing to see company?" the young girl spoke up in a tone, to which he was so little accustomed in her, who was always kind and pleasant, that he opened his eyes wide in utter amazement. Being a prudent Russian, he knew that in similar cases a servant's safest way is to say nothing, and make a very stupid face. She beckoned to him to go and called after him:

"Say, I should follow you directly, that I was still busy making my toilet."

He had come to see her, after all. She was obliged to resume the combat—and she would. He should not be allowed to imagine long, that the old play was to be renewed. She had grown to be a very different person since; she was clear in her judgment and firm in her determination.

Henrick was pacing up and down the room, not the most trifling object escaping his keen eye, which could give him a clue to the manners and customs prevailing in the house. It was a charming apartment, that he could not but admit; apparently intended for daily use—the more intimate acquaintances were most probably received here. What had entitled him to such a distinction on the part of the servant, he did not know. He had not yet seen the Kremlin, else he would have noticed at once, that the salon he was in was the exact counterpart of the Imperial drawing-room in that palace. The windows and doors were hung with light blue silver-woven silk-tapestry, and damask curtains, fauteuils and divans of various shapes were of the same color; the entire ornamentation of the room was of silver, the clock on the mantle as well as the candelabra in the corners. In the centre of the room stood a piano, several pieces of music on the open rack. Clemence evidently came here frequently. At one corner of the mantle stood the Princess' arm-chair; on the marble-table, with pedestal of silver,

lay the open book, from which the young girl read to her.

The elegant and harmonious decoration of the apartment pleased his artistic eye; it was a fitting frame in which to picture to himself the animated face, with its dark and thoughtful eyes. The door opened and she entered, politely returning his bow. She acted the part of the hostess as one accustomed to do the honors of the house in a winsome way. He admitted to himself that she did. Her slender form, dressed in a grey silk dress, closely fitted at the neck, appeared to him still taller than the day before, her carriage even more graceful and elegant. No feature of her face betrayed uneasiness or restraint; the dark shade under her eyes alone indicated a sleepless night. By a wave of her hand she invited him to be seated, while she herself sat down so that her face was shaded from the light.

"I was surprised to see you yesterday," she began calmly. "I should have looked for you anywhere but here, for if I am not mistaken, you have always expressed a particular dislike for our cold Russian winters."

"This aversion of mine is not changed in the least," replied von Harden, "and if Petersburg did not contain a special attraction for me, even the highly flattering invitation of the Grand-Duke would not have induced me to leave sunny Naples and bury myself in the icy north."

So saying, he gazed at her with a scrutinizing glance of his keen eyes. She listened to his words with apparent equanimity, as if obliged to lend an attentive ear to her guest, returning his look by a genial and pleasant glance.

"You were presented to the Grand-Duke during his stay in Italy, I believe?"

He nodded assent and added:

"The Duke is passionately fond of music. For a dilettante, and a Grand-Duke at that, he plays the violin remarkably well, and has a very fair musical education and taste. Still, I believe that we were brought together less for these reasons, than on account of my comparative proficiency in the game of billiards. He appreciates my handling of a cue more than that of my bow. His amiable and genial presence made me like him so much, that I even submitted, partly at least, to the tiresome restraint of court-etiquette. I had to promise him to come to St. Petersburg, as you have probably heard him say; not as an artist, but as his adversary at the billiard-table."

"The Grand-Duke spent the early part

of the summer in Italy. From the fact of your meeting him there I infer, that you have been absent from Germany for some time."

"Nearly a year. I was heartily sick of the country and the people. After my wife's death . . ." he hesitated a moment, a nervous tremor came over Clemence, but she was not so easily to be put off her guard.

"You have lost your wife?" she said with much feeling. "I am sorry to confess, that my news from home is growing less and less frequent—I was not aware of your sad bereavement."

"After my wife's death," continued von Harden, "I had to attend to a most unpleasant and tedious testamentary arrangement with her relations. The law had to step in, and for months I was bothered with hearings in court, taxes, and all the ponderous apparatus generally put in motion to inconvenience and annoy honest people. In consequence thereof, our so-called 'settled conditions,' in which nothing can be done without the sanction of the legal authorities and the smoothly-shaved officers of the law in dress-coats and white cravats, had become so odious to me, that I longed to escape to the country of brigands and beggars, where the picturesque loafers in rags may sleep on the steps of the Capitol, and where I might dwell in the divine *dolce far niente*, instead of an irksome and fruitless activity. Italy never delighted and soothed me more, than at that very time."

Clemence listened to his enthusiastic descriptions of the eternal beauties of the southern climate, of the fine forms and features of the people, whose dignified bearing and grace lend a charm even to squalor and poverty. He said nothing of art or of music. He had not spent his leisure hours in the Vatican or in the Academies of St. Cæcilia, but drank in air and sunshine among the people in the streets and on the squares. With the fishermen he had sailed on the blue deep sea, and listened to their songs; he had played and laughed with the pretty girls and women, who wear the amphora with the same grace the women of Latium had done before them; and in this fresh, warm life had utterly forgotten, that a German artist ought to work and study. And suddenly changing from his cheerful and cordial tone to one of merry jesting and banter, he depicted his embarrassment at being accidentally brought in contact with his Ambassador, who had exacted a promise from him, that he would come to an official reception in honor of some German prince, in order to render it less tire-

some by performing on his violin; that he had been obliged to promise it and had honestly intended to keep his word, being under certain obligations to the Ambassador. When the carriage, which was to conduct him there, actually halted in front of his door, he had suddenly, much to his terror, made the discovery, that he had no dress-coat with him. Considerable time had elapsed before this terrible news had reached the Embassy, and one of the higher subalterns had been found, who could furnish him an old cast-off specimen of the requisite article. The illustrious personage meanwhile had actually given visible signs of impatience and it had cost no slight efforts on his part to achieve his wretched success.—He went on to say, that he had spent the summer months at Frascati, partly at the house of a friend—a painter—who had married a beautiful Italian woman with lustrous eyes and rosy lips and a voice, which had fairly entitled her to be called a cantatrice by the grace of God; that they had made music every evening, the handsome wife of his friend singing the wonderful compositions of Palestrina and Marcello, he accompanying her on his violin with fantasies, such as the lovely surroundings involuntarily called forth. He told her also, that they had often attracted a large crowd around the villa, men, women, and children, who, whenever one or the other piece pleased them more especially, had loudly applauded them and cried: "Evviva la nostra Signora! Evviva il Tedesco!" This applause, he said, had been the only one, which had given him real pleasure.

"As a genuine German," he closed his interesting narrative, "I could not possibly travel, without writing a book. I beg pardon for this weakness. Just as Hector Berlioz has done in his 'Voyage musical en Allemagne,' so have I put down in my 'Voyage musical en Italie,' that the fleeting moment prompted me to write. I actually wonder, that my publisher has not objected to the title. There is scarcely a word about music in the whole book, except perhaps a few reflections on popular songs. Considering that the acquaintance with an author or composer compels people to take notice of their works, you will kindly permit me to send you the little volume within the next few days."

Clemence awakened as from a dream, when von Harden rose to go. He asked her pardon for having prolonged his first call beyond the time usually considered as *de rigueur*. She held out her hand almost unconsciously—he pressed his lips upon it. She heard him say, that he should take

an early opportunity of being presented to Princess Souwanoff and of requesting the favor of being received at her house. — When he had gone, she sank upon her knees and hid her face in her hands. Hot, burning tears filled her eyes. Why had he come, to give her a glimpse of the ever-budding and mysterious world, which was his soul's life? Did he intend to tell her that he knew full well that the splendor, which surrounded her, was no compensation for what she had lost, and that her soul yearned for a vivifying and refreshing breath; that she was lonely and alone, in spite of all the affection and respect shown her? Yes, she was lonely and alone — only she would not admit it. Languidly she paced through the endless row of sumptuous rooms, in which every mirror reflected her solitary person. Poor Clemence!

Several days went by, during which she heard nothing of Baron von Harden. Clemence hesitated irresolutely, whether she should inform the Princess of the meeting with him, or not. She finally decided not to say anything, because she feared the Princess might construe her refusal of Kornikoff's offer as a natural consequence of that meeting.

Their social life had meanwhile, suffered a slight and pleasant interruption. The ladies spent their evenings mostly at home. The young girl was well content with it, for thus another meeting with Henrick might be avoided. Nicolai kept himself at an observing distance. On the morning after Count Dawidoff's soirée, he had briefly asked her, who the strange gentleman was, with whom she had conversed. She had calmly answered him, that he was an old acquaintance, whom she had met unexpectedly. She thought, however, she could plainly see, that this reply did not satisfy him, and that von Harden's person aroused Nicolai's suspicions. She was indulgent with him in view of the manifold little impertinences, in which he vented his boyish displeasure, for she saw, that he was seriously intent upon subduing the foolish passion, which had so frequently annoyed her.

"Clemence," inquired the Princess one morning on returning from a call at the Grand-Duchess's palace, "do you know that Mr. von Berg is here?"

The young girl felt the blood rushing to her face.

"I have both seen and conversed with him."

Princess Souwanoff shook her head, and added with profound solicitude:

"Do not be over-confident, my child. I cannot look into your heart, but what you told me the other day, makes me tremble for you. Baron von Harden will most probably seek an introduction and I cannot but receive the Grand-Duke's own guest with becoming cordiality. At the same time I should much prefer not to see him here at all, were it but to guard your peace of mind."

"Pray do not say so," Clemence interrupted her. "All is at an end between us. He never in fact alludes to the past, why should he? To justify himself? That is not at all his way. He always takes things as they are — as *faits accomplis*. Years have gone by since. We meet as casual acquaintances, who are pleased to see each other in a foreign land, just because it is far from home. If I had had the slightest idea of his presence amongst us, I should not have spoken to you about him, for I should be sorry to have you meet him with distrust. The wrong he has done me is one which is being committed every day, and which is rarely laid up against any man. Princess Souwanoff, I pray you, be as kind and affable towards him, as you are towards all whom you receive here," she added coaxingly.

The Princess looked at her in astonishment. An agitation, which Clemence vainly tried to conceal, was plainly depicted in her face. She appeared to be anxiously waiting for an answer.

"Wishing to prescribe to others certain paths in life, is a matter, which we ought never to arrogate to ourselves. Dear as you are to me, child. . . . I have warned you; the rest must be left to God and to your own better judgment."

They did not refer to the subject again, and when the Princess soon after met the Baron at the house of one of her friends, where the Grand-Duke himself introduced his guest to her, she, with her accustomed grace, gave him an invitation to call upon them.

How fared it with Clemence? Outwardly no change was perceptible in the polite, but cool and reserved behaviour, with which she had treated Henrick from the first. He had sent her his book according to promise. On retiring to her room at night, fatigued and tired of the frivolous parlor-talk, she took it up eagerly, and read for hours, scarcely able to tear herself away. He was quite right in saying, that music was the subject least spoken of in the "Voyage Musical en Italie." He did not allude therein to operas, which he had heard, nor to concerts, to which he had gone; he abstained

from any profound and hackneyed observations regarding the peculiar differences between Italian and German music. With an extraordinary self-denial he held back his rare knowledge of the history of ancient music — and yet there was a spirit of musical connoisseurship pervading the whole book. It was full of rich, warm life, of a wonderful harmony of the richly-colored surroundings and of the ardent soul of him, who had taken in all these charms and beauties. Clemence could not remember ever having read any of his writings, which had reflected a similar freshness of perception, — a perception, which simply enjoys what is offered it, and which finds at once the simplest and truest expression for this enjoyment. He must have felt very happy indeed, when he wrote the book! Else how could he have given that delightful description of an evening in Ischia, in which he combined the life-like forms of the dancing girls, the returning fishermen and the dark-haired children into a lovely picture, for which the paradisiacally beautiful nature furnished the background and to which he had added, as if got by listening from the people itself, spirited and original remarks about popular songs, of whose bold and vigorous conceptions he had a peculiar appreciation.

As she read, there rose in her soul, as if bursting into radiance from behind a dark cloud, the image of the Henrick, whom she had loved so indescribably, for whose return she had longed in blissful expectancy. And she would put her hand to her forehead and ask herself, if she had really been near and dear to him once, or if she had only dreamt it? Then she would rise quickly and fling the dangerous book from her — it was all over between them! Baron von Harden and Miss d'Orville — in what nearer relation could they possibly stand to each other?

Henrick came frequently to the Souwanoff palace. He was never missing on reception-nights, on which occasions his sharp wit and his brilliant humor soon became a most essential element. His easy, languid bearing was well suited to the Petersburg circles, in which, owing to a full consciousness of the privileges of birth, freedom is totally unrestrained. He soon saw, that he had to overcome a certain coolness in Princess Souwanoff, and summoning all his amiability to his aid, he made every effort to win over the stately old lady. He succeeded in part; there remained however with her a sort of dread of the strange man who, genius though he was, recklessly strove to attain what he happened to fancy or desire. Up to that time Baron von Harden had not

yet appeared in society in his capacity of artist. Every allusion in this respect he either feigned not to hear or refuted it with a biting sarcasm; he pretended to have come for the purpose of studying the peculiarities of St. Petersburg society, after having lived long enough in the atmosphere of Paris and London salons.

He was not conspicuously attentive to Clemence; she could however safely count upon his always being near her. Even though he were apparently engaged in a lively conversation with some friend, a sparkling of his eye, a smile or a nod of his head would tell her, that he was interested only in her. He seemed moreover to have a perfect gift of divination, as regarded the hours, during which she was most likely to be alone. His visits, with rare exceptions, coincided with Princess Souwanoff's drives. On these occasions he would impatiently pace to and fro in the blue room, in which he had been first received, and anxiously listen for the gentle steps, that betrayed the approach of the young girl. She charmed him, she attracted him more than ever. The magnificent surroundings in which she now appeared to him, were indeed more in keeping with her proud bearing, than the plain condition, in which he had seen her formerly. He knew that she had loved him much, very much. Should no spark of that passion have remained? In the endeavor of sounding her heart to the core, he lost himself once more. His heart had long been silent. The troublesome and passionate scenes with Clemence had inspired him with a feeling of aversion towards any tie, which presumed to claim not only his heart, but his soul, his very self also. Now however, he experienced at times the long forgotten longings of love.

It was at such a moment, that he had met Clemence once more, and this meeting revived feelings long buried in oblivion. He did not so much as ask himself, whether he loved her better than before; he was simply enchanted by her beauty, which had developed itself so resplendently, by her intellectual superiority and the austere reserve, which had a peculiar charm for him.

"You played last night at the Grand-Duke's palace?" Miss d'Orville asked him him one day.

"I did," he replied carelessly. "The Grand-Duchess is very conscientious in her observance of the rules concerning the lenten season. The Holy Week being near at hand, she would not give her consent to the acting of the *tableaux vivants*, which were intended to be performed before a select circle

only. The Grand-Duke felt slightly vexed, and I could not suppress a feeling of human compassion at seeing the long faces of the disappointed courtiers. Hence I sent for my violin and played a little of everything."

"And enchanted your select but grateful audience," she said with much warmth. "How much it would please me to hear you once again!"

"And you say this only now?" he asked in astonishment; "when you knew, that you had but to intamate your wish?"

"You are very kind," Clemence stammered in great confusion. "I did not dare to . . . but . . . if you would have the goodness . . . the Princess' birth-day will be celebrated to-morrow . . . we shall have our usual soirée. It would be a charming surprise, if you were to favor us with some pieces on your violin."

Henrick promised it eagerly.

On the following morning Clemence received a roll of music and a letter. The former contained a popular Hungarian air, which von Harden, during his travels, had heard sung by a gypsy, and marked down from memory.

"The little song I send you," he wrote in the letter, "you will oblige me by kindly accepting, considering it a key to what is still slumbering within me, and what I shall be happy to disclose this eve to you and you alone!"

She pressed her hands to her throbbing heart — oh, blissful, golden dream! Could she dare to believe in its realization?

She was in a remarkably tender and amiable mood that day; it appeared to her no tedious obligation, to receive the numerous guests, who came to honor the occasion with their presence. She had a kind and pleasant word for every one. The enthusiastic Secretary of the French Legation whispered to one of his colleagues, rubbing his hands all the while:

"Miss d'Orville plainly shows her French blood. None but a Frenchwoman can have so much tact and grace!"

The soirée was not a large one. The Princess was not fond of great parties on her birth-day. The more intimate friends only were there, numbering however no less than nearly seventy people. Only the small suite of rooms adjoining the blue room was lighted up that evening; of the larger rooms, the music-hall alone was opened. Clemence did the honors at the tea-table with her wonted grace; she was slightly nervous, her eyes were frequently mustering the faces before her, as if looking for some one in particular. Henrick kept her waiting long. At last he came.

Her hand trembled, when she handed him his cup; he had not yet accustomed himself to the Russian fashion of taking tea in glasses.

She thanked him hesitatingly for the music sent her.

"Do not thank me," he said in a low tone of voice, placing his chair next to hers. "It is but the outline of my subject, I sent you; the variations are to be the principal part."

The assembly gradually repaired to the music-hall. Clemence, looked upon as the daughter of the house, had to begin. She would have gladly played something cheerful and brilliant, but her hands involuntarily struck sad and languishing accords. Together with Henrick she played one of Beethoven's sonatas, arranged for the violin, which was rendered in any but a masterly manner; the accomplished technicality of the execution to some extent covered up the lack of profundity and repose. Neither of the players was attentive to the piece before them. Clemence longed to sit unnoticed in a corner of the room, there to listen undisturbedly and with an overflowing heart to Henrick's play.

A profound silence reigned, when Baron von Harden began. After various bold double-handed passages he went over into a simple air, which, commencing in low rhapsodic notes, sounded like the gentle, melancholy complaint of a love-lorn heart. This touching melody was the constantly returning theme, sustained by numerous wonderful variations, each of which gave a new and surprising paraphrase of the original air. At times it seemed, as if the trees were dreamily rustling above the head of the maiden, who hesitatingly whispered to the wind the yearnings which slumbered in her bosom; at others, as if the clear and silvery tones of happiness and sunshine were being warbled in the air around her; now the brave swain took it up, fearlessly and confidently facing the storms and tumults of life; then again the voice of despair was heard, as if the forsaken one, in the gloom of night, on the brink of the dark deep stream, which was wetting her feet, were once more bewailing her misery, before rashly putting an end to it forever.

The audience was in an anxious suspense and highly delighted. A sublime piece of poetry floated past the soul of every listener — each and all felt a kindred chord of their hearts touched by it. Yet there was only one there, who fully understood that richness of sound, and who knew how to interpret its meaning!

Before Henrick had finished, Clemence had noiselessly glided from the room. She was no longer able to suppress her tears. She fled into the small blue ante-room which, dimly-lighted, was not likely to be visited by any of the guests. Like a shy deer she hid herself in one corner of the room — she had to be alone for a few moments, in order to regain her composure. She did not hear the hurried steps, which followed her, and which were muffled by the soft Persian carpet, until Henrick stood before her. He raised her head gently and looked full into her eyes, heavy with tears.

"O Henrick," she exclaimed passionately, "what have I done to you, that you should thus torment me? You know that I have loved you and I love you now; more, more than ever!"

She sprang to her feet intending to fly from him after uttering those words, which an uncontrollable emotion had prompted her to say. He held her firmly, drew her towards him and placed her head upon his shoulder.

"My poor strayed little bird," he said tenderly, kissing her soft dark hair. Yes, he loved her; he was convinced he did. The young girl disengaged herself from his embrace; she breathed on her handkerchief and pressed it upon her eyes, in order to efface the traces of her tears.

"Enough," she said, drawing a long breath and holding out her hand to him; "nobody must know, what new tie binds us henceforth. We are not engaged, we have not plighted our troth, we must both of us reserve our full freedom. You are not the man who would willingly fetter himself, and I am too proud, to wish to enchain you against your will. We shall merely try, whether we love or may love each other enough, to have our affection last a whole lifetime. Do not forget it — you are free. I ask nothing of you, save truth and candor. You have once more become my all, my world, Henrick; were I to doubt you, all — all would perish with me."

He smiled and said: —

"This time you shall hold me fast for all eternity."

She looked at him earnestly.

"I should be happy to believe it, for this time there is no guilt upon us."

His features assumed a dark look.

"Forget the past."

"I will try."

They returned to the assembly, lest their absence be observed.

In the first flaming-up of his newly awakened love, Henrick had endeavored to

induce Clemence, not to keep their intimate relation secret. She had remained firm however, had given him other important reasons besides, to which he yielded after a brief opposition. She explained to him, that her position in the house would become a difficult one, the moment it were known, that she had given him her plighted word or engaged herself to him. Princess Souwanoff would doubtless consider it incumbent upon her, to treat her somewhat differently in consequence of her altered position — with a full warm heart to be sure, but still with a certain restraint.

A short engagement appeared to the young girl an uncomfortable transition — a long one still more so. A marriage before the following winter could scarcely be thought of. She could not relinquish her duties in so sudden a manner. During the three years she had spent with the Princess, the latter had always treated her with kindness and affection; she could not think of leaving her abruptly. Nicolai's jealousy — his childish obstinacy! No, it was absolutely impossible, even if she had had the most unbounded faith in the endurance of Henrick's love for time and eternity.

In his heart of hearts von Harden was thankful to her for acting as she did. He would have appeared almost ridiculous to himself in his new character of *fiancé*. Fiancé! The very word was a silly one to him; he had always railed most unmercifully at these wretched nondescripts. It corresponded far more with his eccentricities and peculiarities, to retain his untrammelled freedom before the world, confirming his close relation to Clemence by only a stolen glance or a whispered word. That Clemence soon began visibly to suffer under the double role assigned to her by him, never troubled him in the least. That she should consider it a breach of confidence against the Princess, not to have let her into the secret, he simply regarded as an over-tender conscientiousness, which he felt sure he could dispel by some pleasantry or jest. She did partially forget her cares and troubles in the few brief moments, when they could see and speak to each other, and when he pressed her to his heart with all the impetuosity of his passionate nature, pouring out his ardent sentiments and expressions of undying affection. As soon as he had left her, her sadness was sure to return; she had evidently grown more serious and thoughtful.

He, however, had remained the same; the odd and changeable features of his nature, on the contrary, had assumed a much

greater prominence and stood out in bolder relief than ever. Von Harden belonged to that class of men, who never arrive at a clear perception of themselves and their vocation in life; who are impetuous and utterly regardless in striving to obtain what appears most desirable at the moment, without asking themselves whether it actually tends to further and promote their combined aspirations or activities.

Thus the time arrived when the Princess usually left St. Petersburg, and repaired to one or the other of her distant estates. The Easter holidays were uncommonly late that season. The ceremonies in church and at home were over. Henrick had not neglected to spend Easter-eve at the church, where the whole of the Imperial family and Court, together with the highest dignitaries and officers of the Crown, attended. At midnight, when the guns were fired, when all the bells were ringing and the people, high and low, were bursting forth in shouts of praise and jubilee, he also, carried away by the universal exaltation around him, had joined in the cries of: "Christ is risen!" In due observance of the old custom prevailing, he made a round of calls during the holidays upon all the families of his acquaintance. Everywhere he was received by smiling faces, the houses were beautifully decorated, the ladies, dressed in white, exhibited the handsome presents of which they had been the recipients.

He had not been able to get more than a hurried glimpse of Clemence, while joining in the throng of visitors on Easter-morning, who swayed to and fro in the palace of Princess Souwanoff. The young girl had been so busily occupied with the preparations for the festival, that she had scarcely had time to collect her thoughts. Princess Souwanoff left the entire management of her household to her care, and although she was not expected to exercise more than a general supervision, she still felt the responsibility too much, not to have her eyes almost everywhere. There was the approaching journey besides, for which the necessary preparations had to be made. She spent most of her time in the shops and magazines, to make the thousand and one purchases, which a summer tour required. The Princess hastened her departure, because the weather was unusually warm and favorable, and the roads through the steppes already in a passable condition. Henrick intended to leave Petersburg by the first steamboat for a German port. The winter season had been a brilliant and highly pleasing one to him; the thought of

a return in fall was a most agreeable one. But Petersburg, divested as it was of the sparkling cover of snow and ice, which had given it a fairy-like appearance on clear moonlight nights — Petersburg in the spring, which was then making its entrance through bottomless dirty streets, amidst odors offending the nostrils of the inhabitants, and the incipient effluvia of epidemic diseases, became unbearable to him. Clemence could not help smiling at the comical expressions of his wrath, when he told her, that the burning rays of the sun, while he was driving along the Newsky-Perspective in an open barouche, had induced him to send home his cloak and plaid, which he had sadly missed on his return to the winter-palace, owing to the icy chill of the atmosphere towards night-fall.

"These people here seem to look upon it as a perfectly natural thing, that one is roasted brown in one street and frozen to death in another. If you express any astonishment or disappointment, you are told in accents of the most withering indifference: 'It is the ice from Lake Ladoga coming down, which causes the intense cold all along the banks of the Newa.'"

In tearful silence Clemence counted the few days which still remained, before Henrick was to be separated from her for a long number of months. She was too proud, by only a single word to draw from him the plans he had made for their future. He was to be free and untrammelled; she would impose upon him no obligations, which might have compelled him in the eyes of the world to adhere to her. How much she loved him! Her inner life had taken root in him alone; only what *he* said or what *he* thought, had any interest for her. She became unjust towards those, who had stood near to her hitherto. She reproached the people surrounding her, in that their souls were not made in the same mould with his, and could not bring herself to see, that his peculiarities were individual only with himself. If now and then the thought came over her, that he had once, in wanton playfulness, thrust his hands into the wheel of her life; and a sad misgiving rose in her, that what had once been done might be repeated a second time — she would banish these gloomy thoughts with passionate zeal. He could not betray her love again; formerly circumstances had been widely different. He had done right, in bringing about a needful solution. Not this solution it was, but the manner, in which he had accomplished it, which had wounded her foolish little heart.

She could not blame him exactly. Now, however, their position was a very different one. She felt proud at the thought, that she was a prize worth struggling for; that what he had planted in her soul, had been richly developed—who could be a better helpmate to him in his aspirations, than herself? She might confide in him unreservedly, and she did. What need was there of any conventional forms between them? The tedious discussions on household matters and the like, would be quite timely enough, when they actually belonged to one another.

"Tears?" said Henrick. "No, no, Clemence, do not make our parting a sad one. What matter the few months which are to separate us? Enjoy the beautiful summer season at Ligouwka, charm your admirers, of whom you will have as little lack there as you have here, although they may not be quite as elegant. You shall hear from me often, as often as I can overcome my aversion to letter-writing. Do not be angry with me, if many a mail-day should go by, without bringing you a letter. Ever since I have had to write long letters to my publishers, writing has become identical with hard labor in my eyes. Do not forget that I am a man of forty. Away from your lustrous eyes I shall feel my age again, and be ashamed of possessing an ardent youthful heart."

The young girl tried to control her painful emotions, and joined in his tones of merry banter. He did not realize how dearly she loved him!

They left Petersburg almost on the same day; he to go to Germany in the steamboat, she with the Princess and a numerous suite taking the road to Lower Russia by way of Moscow. Although the journey from the last named city was made by extra-relays, there were still a good number of days of quiet undisturbed intercourse, which the Princess and her protégée had to spend in their comfortable travelling-coach, before they reached Ligouwka. These journeys had always been a great pleasure to Clemence. After the long fatiguing winter, with its noisy parties and soirées, this tranquil, easy travelling and being borne along into the very sunshine of spring, had something very pleasing in it. Both were amply provided with reading matter, but by far the greater part of the time was passed in animated conversation, for which the latest events in society furnished sufficient food. These confidential tête-à-tête were scarcely ever interrupted. The first chamber-woman had her place in the cabriolet by the side of the

chief butler, on whom devolved the duties of travelling-marshal; the valet-de-chambre's seat was on the box, in order to better watch the postilions. The cook and the remaining suite were always a station in advance, in order to procure both rooms and horses.

The second day had scarcely been spent, before the old familiar relations between the Princess and Clemence were fully re-established. The change, which von Harden's appearance had wrought, had not escaped the clear-sighted, genial old lady. She had looked for a full confession from her adopted daughter, and Clemence's reserve, although easily explained as we know, had touched her deeply. She admired the proud, unselfish character of the girl, who scorned every outward sign of trouble in order to secure the happy ease of the beloved one, even at the expense of her own.

"You have ventured much," she said thoughtfully, after Clemence had told her, that no agreement of a binding nature had been made between her and Henrick; that she not even knew, whether he would return in the fall. "I will not deny, that Baron von Berg-Harden has deeply and irresistibly impressed even so old a woman as I am. I can readily understand, that a girl like yourself, can only love *such* a man. But unfortunately he seems to belong to those, who repay with small coin, what they have received in large pieces. He seems to be content with thinking that you must be happy, if he allows you to love him. Duties, as regards the feelings of others, he appears to have no knowledge or conception of, I think. With natures such as his, the outward respectability is the standard, by which they measure their actions. I do not wish to make you distrustful," she added soothingly; "Baron von Harden is no longer a mere youth, he knows what he wants and what he does. Nothing could have brought him back to you, except love alone—be hopeful therefore, but neither too noble-minded nor too proud."

The summer went by. Clemence felt the separation from Henrick keenly, and with ardent longing joyfully welcomed every sunset, that brought her nearer and nearer to the end and aim of her wishes. She corresponded with him regularly; in the beginning he had answered her letters with equal regularity. Gradually his letters became less and less frequent and shorter. He travelled much, had to study much, in order to make up for the time lost in Petersburg, as he expressed it. Various questions became the subject of an eager controversy between them. Clemence argued

against his intention of applying his artistic faculties to his favorite instrument chiefly. She wished him to look higher; she hoped to see his name mark an epoch in the history of music—hitherto he had frittered away his eminent talents in various, but after all, less comprehensive efforts.

"You have gleaned much in your travels," she wrote to him once, "and ought to come forward with a larger work of your own. Your journalistic activity, your technical mastery suffice, to ensure you successes, which vanish the moment you disappear. He who, like yourself, is gifted with inventive genius, truthfulness and originality of expression, aided by passion and inspiration, ought to aspire to the solution of the sublimest questions, even though the dull and prosy public were not to applaud them admiringly forthwith."

"You are an idealist," he said in reply. "Do you wish me to trouble the ears of the present generation with the symphonies of the future? My publisher will gladly take ten dozen of smaller compositions off my hands, unread even, and pay me handsomely for them; a voluminous score, on the other hand, I should have to get printed at my own expense, if at all. My books are little read and rarely bought; my shorter articles are procuring a number of new subscribers to the journals publishing them, annually. I take inspiration from success; much as I despise the applauding public at large, a defeat or a *fiasco* would at once discourage and dishearten me."

Similar controversies became frequent. Clemence stood up passionately in defence of her own views. Involuntarily she endeavored to exert over von Harden the

same controlling influence which she was accustomed to wield over those near her, who tacitly admitted her mental superiority. She forgot that he, in spite of his changeable humor and nature, was endowed with an adamant firmness, where his own self, his very individuality was concerned, and that the power of the most enticing charm would prove utterly futile there. He wrote her back a few biting sarcasms, which wounded her slightly at the time, but did not lead her to suppose for a moment even, that they were prompted by a feeling of growing coolness. When she read one of these passages to the Princess one day, the latter remarked somewhat doubtfully:

"Do not touch upon these matters, until you are his wife. Then, and not till then, you may try to convert him to your views."

Clemence shook her head with an incredulous smile. She loved him! How could he receive petulantly, what her admiration for him, her enthusiasm prompted her to say? Waking and dreaming he filled her soul. She had no eye for the beautiful summer, she no longer enjoyed the vast extent of the rich, green steppes, she found no rest in the peaceful intercourse with the Princess, whose affection for her remained unchanged and unchangeable—she loved but him alone! She often felt, as if she ought to tear herself away from everything and everybody, and go as far as her feet would carry her, on—on—until she had found him and could tell him with tears in her eyes: "Here I am, take me to your heart, Henrick, and never let me leave you again!"

HOWEVER much opinions may vary concerning the theological importance of the deliberations of the approaching Council at Rome, it seems likely that they will produce at least a philological result which, to some profane outsiders, may appear even more interesting than the solemn affirmation of the Papal infallibility. The deliberations are to be carried on in Latin, but the pronunciation of this language differs so greatly in different countries that it was foreseen that if each of the numerous prelates gathered together from the four corners of the earth were to adopt his national mode of pronunciation, the assembly would degenerate into a modern Babel. A committee has, therefore, been appointed to fix a standard pronunciation which each prelate will be obliged to learn and use during the de-

bates. If one could hope that their decision might eventually be adopted in all European schools, the problem of a universal language for the educated classes would at last be solved. At present a German and a Frenchman, each ignorant of the other's language, are debarred from meeting on the neutral ground of Latin, except in writing.

Full Mall Gazette.

THE veteran Mrs. Ellis, who began in a past generation to reform "the Women of England," in a work so-called, has begun her task again in a work to be called "The Education of the Heart."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EARL'S DENE.

FIRST PART—IN FRANCE.

CONTAINING THE EVENTS OF ONE NIGHT.

THERE is no better rule, in spite of the disregard that is usually paid to it, than that every book, of whatever kind it may be, should begin with a sentence or two to explain its motive, so that the intending reader may not be cheated into wasting his time, supposing the motive to be obviously worthless, in having to find out the worthlessness of it for himself; and not only so, but that the author himself may be kept from straying out of the straight road without good and sufficient reason. In accordance, then, with this most excellent principle, let it be clearly understood that the motive of this story is, so far as it professes to have any motive at all, the Power of Circumstance—that demon of demons which, whether for good or ill, the will of man may, indeed, call into life, but can seldom control and never wholly exorcise—and the way in which it entered into conflict with the wills, impulses, and characters of certain men and women who lived not very many years since, and of whom at least one or two were born not too long ago to be living still.

Before setting out, however, it is necessary, by way of introduction, to give some account of an occurrence that is rather of an exceptional kind in point of detail; and it is only right to say this before narrating it, in order to take the opportunity of warning the reader against thinking that the remainder of his journey will lead him among exceptional characters or exceptional scenes. Of the characters upon whose thoughts, feelings, and actions the plot of this story depends, there is not one that may not, in one form or another, fall within the range of a very limited experience. All will be seen striving to attain very much the same object, and, considering their dissimilarities of nature, in very much the same way: nor will the object or the way be of an essen-

tially uncommon kind. Not one of the *dramatis personæ* will be found altogether bad or good, strong or weak: not one will have any pre-eminent claim to the title of hero or heroine, even in the technical sense of the words. Certainly not one will prove to be perfectly consistent—who, indeed, out of the world of fiction, ever does?—so that even the best will be best only by comparison, and the worst will not be without excuse. If, therefore, the intending reader is unable to interest himself in men and women as they are or may be in the face of many faults and many weaknesses—if he demands exciting events and abnormal psychology—he must not complain that he has not been fairly warned when he finds himself disappointed; and, once more, he must not take what he finds in the introduction for an example of what he will find in the story itself.

It was, then, in the month of Nivose in the year 1 of Liberty, and in the territory of the French Republic, that a certain circumstance took place which may fairly be taken as the beginning of an important chapter in the history of Earl's Dene, which itself belongs to a later time, and, as the title of it denotes, to another and nearer land.

Those who are versed in the revolutionary calendar will remember that, in the month and year just named, what is called the Reign of Terror was at its height. Eighty persons a-day were being guillotined at Paris; sixty were every day being shot, drowned, or guillotined at Lyons; sixty at Bordeaux; sixty at Marseilles; two hundred at Toulon. The King and Queen had already been followed up the steps of the scaffold by the best and by the worst of their judges. Massacre was running riot in La Vendée, while the fields and forests of the Vosges, of the Jura, and of the Gironde were swarming with miserable fugitives of all ranks and of all political creeds; for it was no longer robes and royalists alone

who had special need to fear. In a word, it was just then that it seemed as though, throughout the whole land of France, there was no spot in which even a child might live in safety for a single day.

And yet here was at least one such spot. It was the village of Saint-Félix-des-Rochers, in the department of Doubs.

Saint-Félix-des-Rochers was small, obscure, not populous, and out of any beaten track. Yet it was not its obscurity that rendered it secure, for at that time seclusion by no means meant security. It was not its politics, even though Saint Félix, like the greater part of the district in which it lay, was republican to the backbone: for the guillotine had come to be even fonder of republican than of royalist necks. It was not that its inhabitants were so few: for it is among a crowd of strangers that safety is found, rather than among a small circle of friends and neighbours. The real reasons were that there was not just then an able-bodied man in the place save the Curé, who would not willingly have harmed a fly, and whom the women still worshipped, in spite of his never having, like their husbands and brothers, changed his opinions with the times; and that, at least in the winter time, no one in his senses ever dreamed of visiting the place except under compulsion; while no stranger ever had business that could possibly compel him to visit it at any season of the year. Nature had covered it with a friendly mantle of cold and snow, that had made the approaches to it difficult and dangerous. So much for the general causes of its security. But why this sanctuary of nature had been abandoned by the quiet race of herdsmen and wood-carvers, who had the best right to its protection, requires some explanation.

The lord of Saint Félix, while places still had lords, had been the Marquis de Croisville, or Créville, as he was called by his vassals, to whom, however, he was little more than a myth, or a mere abstraction, of which his intendant was the not very agreeable embodiment. Before the year 1788, all that the present generation of the Saint-Féliciens had known of the present bearer of the title was, that he was a young man of about thirty years old, that he was much about the court, and that he had married a wife who was a stranger to the country. The Curé knew a little more, however. About a year before the meeting of the States-General, the good father had, for the first and only time in his life, paid a visit to Paris; and he naturally made some inquiries as to what kind of person was the Marquis de Croisville. What he heard,

was not likely to please a parish priest of the old school. He heard the lord of Saint Félix spoken of as a *bel esprit*, as no little of a *roué* and, altogether, as a man of the time — as a “philosopher,” and as an enthusiast about the rights of man. But when, after much hesitation, he summoned up courage to call upon one whom his principles and his respect for the lord of the soil caused him to fear, he was no less charmed than surprised. He obtained an interview in order to request certain indulgences for his poor and struggling flock; and not only was he himself treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness, but he was enabled to carry back to Saint Félix, together with a most glowing account of its master, such a harvest of material benefits, that love and reverence for the name of De Croisville became at once an active principle of faith in the place. The fact was, that it suited the Marquis just then, as a man of the time, and professed philosopher, to show an unusual amount of generosity to a set of people about whom, in reality, he did not care a straw, although they did happen to be his own. Consideration for the people was, though a little late in the day, in fashion at court just then, and no doubt his act of munificence to his poor villagers somehow or other came to the ears of the King or Queen. But of course the Curé and his flock were able to look no farther than the deed itself.

Henceforth the existence of the Marquis seemed to be much more of an actual fact to his people. They began to take an interest in everything that concerned him, and eagerly opened their ears to catch up every floating rumour with which his name chanced to be mingled. Nor was their feeling towards him of the nature of that gratitude which has been defined as a lively sense of favours to come; it partook of that, doubtless: but when those who have all their lives been obliged to look for favours to God alone, find that they are not forgotten by man after all, their feeling to their first human benefactor is something far more than one of ordinary gratitude. And rumours did come even; to Saint Félix sometimes. To what part of France, indeed, did they not come, during those next two years? First they heard of the Marquis as one of the most zealous defenders of the rights of the people, even against his own order; and then all Saint Félix became Girondist to a man, with the solitary exception of the Curé, who still held by the old paths; and as he was as much beloved by his flock as a good and simple-hearted priest can be, the sympathies of the place came to be

made up of a curious blending of republican ideas with the most childlike religious faith. The Curé must be right, and the Seigneur could not be wrong; and so the parish made a compromise with itself. This, however illogical, was not difficult, for, in truth, the Girondism of the place was as much a matter of the heart, and as little a matter of the head, as its Catholicism. Then, not long afterwards when the day of Mirabeau was over, the peasants heard of their lord as a friend of Vergniaud, and as one who had, of his own accord, thrown off the last vestiges of his rank; then they became almost Jacobin, but, nevertheless, they never gave up speaking of him as "the Marquis." Next they heard of him as voting for the death of the King; and still, though a shudder thrilled through the place, and though the Curé was bold enough openly to speak out his abhorrence of the murder of the son of Saint Louis, no one was a whit the less loyal to the name of the Marquis de Croisville. After that they had heard of him no more, until one day sudden tidings reached them that he was not far from Pontarlier, in arms for the Gironde. The next day, not a man who could fight, save the Curé, was left in Saint Félix.

Though the place has been spoken of as a village, it in reality consisted not of houses and cottages, more or less closely packed together, but of some half-dozen out-lying chalets, of which the church was the centre, rather metaphorically than in fact. There was a chateau also, but it was in ruins, and had not been inhabited except by bats and owls, since the days of Charles *le hardi*. It was in one of these chalets, which bore the not very appropriate name of *Pré-aux-Fleurs*, that father Laurent was sitting one night in this month of Nivose, in company with the old wife, and with a young woman, one of her daughters. Of the appearance of the two latter, nothing need be said: let it suffice that they were hard-working peasants in appearance as well as in fact. Of the priest may be said almost as little. He was an elderly healthy-looking man, with a red, weather-beaten face, of which the expression was that which belongs to a heart at peace with itself and all the world. That he could keep such an expression in those terrible days was in itself sufficient to vouch for the exceptional security of Saint-Félix-des-Rochers. The room in which these three were sitting was large, and, though barely and roughly furnished, was rendered not uncomfortable by the presence of a blazing wood-fire, before which a large dog was basking in that de-

lightful state of agony in which his kind revels when the fire is too hot, and the night is too cold.

"No, you cannot think of getting home to-night, father," said the old woman, who had gone to the window that she might look out into the still, cold air.

"You must not think of it, father," echoed the younger.

The priest drew closer over the fragrant wood-fire.

"But Dame Margot will be uneasy," he said, in the tone of one who thinks it his duty to protest against doing what he fully means to do.

"Dame Margot will never expect you," replied the old woman. "There will be a snow-fall, and the wind is rising."

"In that case I suppose I must run the risk of giving Dame Margot a fright, then. Better that, perhaps than to run the risk of giving her cause for it. I wish I could feel sure that your Pierre had as good quarters as these."

"And Monsieur le Marquis."

"And Monsieur le Marquis. Ah! these are terrible days — terrible days, aunt Cathon. The world has gone mad, I fear."

"Ah! my father, you and I remember different times indeed."

"To have killed the King himself! No wonder God punishes this land. And I cannot help fearing, aunt Cathon, that we too shall have to suffer for that sin of our Seigneur."

"Doubtless, my father, He will protect His own."

"No doubt, aunt Cathon. We must put our trust in Him. How is the night now?"

"The snow is beginning. It is quite dark."

"Then I must stay, I suppose."

"Indeed you must, my father. The road will be lost."

"I wish I could send word to Dame Margot, though."

"But if she guesses where you are?"

"Well, I daresay she will. *Dieu!* now I think of it, this was the very day in the year I first saw the Seigneur, just five years since. How times have changed!"

"You are fortunate, my father, to have seen Monsieur le Marquis with your own eyes."

"No," continued the priest, as if speaking to himself — "no, I cannot think how a man like him should have been mixed up with such a sin — so noble, so generous as he seemed. I cannot think he could have had a disloyal heart."

"Sarely not, my father."

"And his young wife, too, poor girl! I trust she has come to no harm."

"She should have come to Saint Félix, my father."

"Ay! — but I saw her too; and she did not look to be one who would fly to the hills while men remained in the field."

"Who knows? perhaps they will both come among us."

"Yes; we are safe from the bloodhounds here, thank God!"

"I will pray our blessed patron to put it into their hearts."

"I fear it is too late, aunt Cathon. And then I fear, too, for our own people."

"They will be faithful to Monsieur le Marquis, my father."

"Ah! it is not that, aunt Cathon. I feel like a shepherd whose flock has blindly run to give battle to a herd of wolves."

"God will protect His own."

"If they were truly on His side — yes! If they were gone to fight for Him!"

"But when they have gone to fight for Monsieur le Marquis, my father?"

"There is a higher loyalty, aunt Cathon."

"What! than to fight for Monsieur le Marquis, who has been so good to us all?"

"Alas! I fear they know not what they do. When wolves fight with wolves, it is no time for the sheep to leave their fold."

"But Monsieur le Marquis!" replied aunt Cathon. The words seemed to express her whole idea of right and loyalty. The Curé sighed, and was silent. He was not quite sure of his ground, and he felt that his last metaphor would not quite hold water.

"It is snowing fast," said the girl, after a pause. She had relieved her mother at the window.

"Truly our hills are a fortress to us," said the priest. "Who knows? perhaps at this moment our people are thanking God for this snow."

"Ah! snow or not, trust my Pierre for knowing his way among the hills."

"Yes indeed!" said her daughter, proudly.

"May it be so," said the priest. "At least I may pray for their safety, if for nothing more."

"And of Monsieur le Marquis."

"Ah! aunt Cathon, it is fearfully hard to know what to think in these days. But doubtless, as you say, God will protect His own."

As aunt Cathon took all that her priest said for gospel, she was a good deal puzzled by the subtle distinction between fighting for the right and fighting for Mon-

sieur le Marquis, which, according to what he had said, it seemed to be her duty to draw. Nor was the Curé himself by any means clear upon the matter. He could not deny to himself the principle of loyalty to the Seigneur. It would have been all plain enough had he felt sure that the Seigneur was on the right side; but the conflict of allegiance puzzled him terribly.

And now, having thus made the acquaintance of one who will play an important, though apparently obscure, part in this history — for its real importance is not diminished by the fact that the name of the Curé of Saint Félix will henceforth occur barely more than once again — it is time to leave the warm room and its fragrant blaze, and to turn out into the night, in order to become acquainted with certain persons whose parts, if not more really important, will be far less obscure.

II.

DURING this conversation, and after it, a springless cart, drawn by a couple of rough-looking mules, was slowly travelling along a road which is remotely connected with the highway between Besançon and Lons-le-Saulnier.

The weather in that region of high hills, of which the loftiest point is Mount Jura, and on that night of January — or rather of Nivose, for the old two-faced god was far too unreasonable a being to be recognized by those who had worshipped the very goddess of Reason in person — was bitterly cold: too cold, indeed, for the heavy snow-clouds, from which large flakes were descending slowly, to come down bodily. If they had, the road would have been rendered simply impassable. The cart, which was of the rudest sort, was only dragged on by the mules with the greatest difficulty — a difficulty which was certainly not diminished by the fact that the direction in which it was going lay up hill. The mules themselves were led by a peasant of the country, more rough-looking even than they, who walked by their side, and occupied himself by talking to them from time to time in some unknown tongue, and looking about him at the thick grey clouds that hung everywhere around. Whatever might have been his appearance under ordinary circumstances, at present he certainly looked unpleasantly formidable. He carried a long knife without a sheath, stuck through a sash which might or might not once have been of the orthodox tricolor; in spite of the cold his feet were bare; his clothes were ragged, and of no particular description, so much had they

lost all pretence to form; and, instead of a cap, he wore a linen bandage wrapped tightly over his forehead and completely covering one eye. Had the scene been in the Pyrenees instead of the Jura, he would have been taken for a *contrabandista* bearing off his cargo of salt or tobacco from a hardly-won battle with the *douane*. What the cart really contained could only be guessed at by an occasional movement among the cloaks and wrappings with which it seemed filled, and by an occasional moan of pain, as if some woman lay there whom the cold and the jolting of the clumsy conveyance caused to suffer terribly.

The scenery of the Jura on the western side, though often beautiful, seldom affords anything like the grandeur that belongs to its eastern face; but winter aggrandises all things, and now this pass which the travellers were ascending had become not only grand but even terrible. In summer, no doubt, like a hundred other passes of the kind that run along the border of the Franche Comté, it led between hills covered from base to summit with green turf and waving woods, of which the monotony was only occasionally broken by some sudden mass of dark grey rock, beneath which the river leaped and sparkled like a mere silver thread. But in the depth of winter the whole scene is transformed, so that instead of being green and grey the hills were now white with limitless snow and black with leafless trees; while under the massive sky the river no longer leaped and sparkled, but, fed by countless torrents, gloomily rushed along with a dull, ceaseless roar. He would be a bold man, even though well versed in the country, who should seek to guide himself or another through the hopeless sameness of those round, dome-shaped hills, undistinguished from one another by any of the sharp and varied outlines that among the Alps make every peak a landmark. Only one summit in the whole landscape stood for a sign, which, unlike the rest, was high enough to stand bald and bare out of the forest; and this in the darkness only looked like a vast cupola of cloud. The road itself, besides those caused by the snow, was not without other and more serious dangers—for it hung high above the river; and although the descent could not properly be called precipitous, still it was quite far and steep enough to make a fall fatal, in one way or another.

The travellers proceeded for a long time without a word, unless one could call words the sounds addressed to the mules by their guide. At last, however, a man's voice cried out from the cart,—

"Pierre!"

"Monseigneur?" answered the leader of the mules, turning his head.

"Do not call me 'Monseigneur!' How far are we from Les Vacheries?"

"Six miles," and he started up the mules, who had taken advantage of this slight conversation to slacken their pace.

And now the hills grew darker, and the sky seemed to descend lower and lower until the great dome that lay to southward was completely absorbed in the mass of clouds. As for the course of the river, it had grown as black as if it were that of Styx or Acheron.

"Pierre!" again called out the voice from the cart.

"Monseigneur?"

"How often am I to tell you not to call me 'Monseigneur?' How long will it be before we reach Les Vacheries?"

The guide shrugged his shoulders; but the gesture, though significant, was not seen by Monseigneur, who repeated his question.

"In less than three hours—if we get there to-night at all."

"But we *must* get there to-night."

"As Monseigneur pleases." And again, after a long look at the sky behind him, he urged on the mules, who, considering the circumstances, certainly did their best. Probably they, too, wished to pass the night at Les Vacheries.

The flakes of snow, which had hitherto been fluttering through the air languidly and undecidedly, now began to increase both in size, in number, and in speed. They seemed to have been seized with a sudden purpose.

"Pierre!"

"Monseigneur?"

"Stop this horrible jolting. I am afraid Madame is very ill."

The mules were brought to, with what would have been a jerk had it not been for the slipperiness of the road, which nearly brought the leader to the ground, sure-footed as he was.

"Tell me, Pierre—when shall we really get to Les Vacheries? Are we certain to get there?"

The other no longer answered "as Monseigneur pleases." "If it pleases God," he said instead.

"Cannot we get on faster, at any rate?"

"Impossible, Monsieur le Marquis."

After some little difficulty, the heap of cloaks and straw was partially thrust aside, and a man emerged from the cart and stood by the side of Pierre. His costume was but little, if at all, better than that of his guide;

but, even so, the distinction of his appearance was in keeping with what his voice had promised. He was as obviously a gentleman as Pierre was a peasant.

"Pierre," he said, in a low voice, "unless we can find help, Madame will die. The cold, the fatigue, are too much for her strength, and she is in terrible pain, besides. You know this country—is there no house, no chalet, nearer than Les Vacheries? No cottage?"

"None that Madame could reach. Les Vacheries is the nearest, by the road."

A cry came from the cart—the Marquis ran to its side. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "my wife is actually dying. Let us push on, for heaven's sake! I will walk by the cart; and push on faster, in heaven's name."

But this was by no means so easy. The snow, which had till now impeded their feet only, was now so thick as almost to blind the eyes both of mules and of men. The Marquis carefully arranged the cloaks and straw, and then stood still in despair. Pierre said something to the animals, which seemed to encourage them to greater exertion. They almost plunged forward; but, in a moment, came to a stand, their feet and ears thrown forward, and their bodies strained back and trembling. A low, wild moaning was heard, far more terrible in its sound than that of the swollen river.

"What is that, Pierre?" asked the Marquis, instinctively laying his hand on the pistols that he carried in his belt.

"That? That is the wolves, Monsieur le Marquis."

He shuddered. It was not many days since the wolves of the Gironde had saved Pétion from the guillotine: nor were those of the Jura, he thought, likely to be less merciful.

"Are they likely to attack us, Pierre?"

"I hope not, Monseigneur." But his tone was not hopeful.

"Will not these accursed beasts stir?"

"They must stir, Monseigneur, unless we make up our minds to wait till we have snow for a blanket."

"Then push on once more."

Again the mules were urged into action—this time by means of something considerably stronger than mere words. But, when they once stirred, it was not their fault that the progress which they succeeded in making was so slow; for they would willingly have galloped now, if it had only been possible. As it was, however, the travellers had to creep along, the snow beating into their eyes, the cold numbing their limbs, and the howling of the wild beasts

filling their ears with its wail of terror. But still however slowly, they did make real progress. If the snow did not become so thick as to stop their passage altogether—if the wolves did not surround them—if their strength did not fail—if they did not perish with cold—they might reasonably expect to arrive at their destination in time to find shelter before it was too late. It is true that the chances were in favour of at least one of these things happening, but none of them might happen—and that was some comfort.

Suddenly, however, the mules stopped once more; and this time neither blows nor words would make them move. The Marquis struck and threatened them; Pierre coaxed them; but they were deaf alike to threats and to flatteries, and callous to blows. At last, leaving them to themselves, and sheltering his eyes, or rather his one eye, from the snow with his hands, the latter went a few steps forward and looked carefully before him. Then, starting suddenly back, and seizing the bridle, he forced the mules backwards with all his force.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "the will of God be done! We cannot reach Les Vacheries."

"Not reach Les Vacheries?"

"Listen to that, Monseigneur."

The Marquis listened. "I hear the river," he said.

"It is not the river that you hear, Monseigneur. The river does not sound like that."

And, in truth, the sharp, loud roar that seemed to thunder through their ears had but little in common with the dull rush of the river.

"What is it, then?"

"I know it well—it is the torrent of La Rochette."

"Are we not on the road, then? Have you lost your way?"

"We are on what *was* the road, Monseigneur."

III.

THE situation of the travellers had now become more than critical. It was exceedingly perilous. The road having been swept away by the swollen mountain torrent, there seemed nothing to be done but to attempt to spend the night as they were. And how was it possible so to spend it with any reasonable chance of seeing the morning?

Both the nobleman and the peasant remained in silence for a while. At last the latter said,—

"Monsieur le Marquis —"

"Well?"

"There is on the other side of this torrent a small chalet, high up among the hills — on the side of that hill that you can just see from here. It is called Pré-aux-Fleurs."

"Yes — and there is also a chalet some miles beyond called Les Vacheries! It seems to me, since they are both on the other side of the torrent, that one is as near as the other."

"I was thinking, Monsieur le Marquis —"

"Well?"

"I believe I could reach it, Monseigneur."

"Indeed! So be it then. Save yourself. Better three perish than four."

"But, Monsieur le Marquis, if I can reach it, I can return. I know the people there, and I might get help. I should certainly find food."

"No, Pierre; you would only perish in the torrent."

"I think not, Monseigneur. I have crossed La Rochette at this point for a less matter, before I was married."

A sudden thought seemed to strike the Marquis.

"You say you could go and return?" he said. "Tell me — how should you reach Pré-aux-Fleurs?"

The other led him to the edge, soft, white, and treacherous, of the descent to the river, over which the torrent was rushing headlong. Then he guided him a few steps forward, till the Marquis felt the foam upon his face.

"Monseigneur will stand here," said Pierre, "and press his foot against this stump, which is firm. There he will hold a cord that I shall take from the cart. By this cord I can slip down to that slab of rock just below us, and which the spray has washed clear of snow."

"But you will still be on this side the torrent?"

"True, Monseigneur. But just where we stand the water falls down sheer to the river."

"I do not see how that can mend matters."

"Monseigneur will see. That slab of rock which I pointed out to Monseigneur projects sideways across the fall. Once upon it, I have simply to drop from its edge and the fall is cleared."

"I see."

"It is not very far — the rope will be long enough for all. I shall land upon an easy slope, and shall then have nothing to

do but to go up straight to Pré-aux-Fleurs."

"You know the way?"

"*Cre nom!* I should think so!"

"I will call out, and Monseigneur will make a noose in the cord and fasten it over the stump."

"I see. In descending, the cord will be only of use to guide you and prevent your slipping?"

"That is all, Monseigneur."

"And otherwise there is no danger?"

"It is not even difficult, Monseigneur, for one who has done it before, and knows what to do."

"And how long shall you be gone?"

"If all is well, Monseigneur will hear me call out in two hours."

"Two hours! *Mon Dieu!*"

"But, Monseigneur —"

"Listen, Pierre. It is only too clear that in less than two hours Madame will in all probability be beyond the reach of aid. You know how ill she is — and you hear that horrible howling, that comes every moment nearer. I, too, cannot count upon two hours of life. But, if you are right in what you say, you may yet save the child."

He did not wait for an answer, but went at once to the side of the cart and raised the coverings with which it was filled. Pierre stood irresolute; and no wonder — for he guessed what the Marquis intended, and he was not eager for a responsibility that would add so much to the difficulty of the expedition that he had undertaken.

Under the heap of cloaks, upon some straw, lay a woman almost young enough to be called a girl, and, in spite of the wretchedness of her condition, still handsome, and even more than handsome. The form of her features was of that large and noble order that is superior to physical pain however severe, and argued a strength of nature that must have struggled long before it could have been thus subdued. And now it was subdued, even to the point of unconsciousness. In only two ways did she show any signs of life; in the heavy and almost audible rise and fall of her bosom, and in the instinctive energy with which she pressed to it a young child of apparently not many weeks old, which seemed as little likely to last out the night as its mother.

After gazing upon the two for an instant, "It must be done," said the Marquis to himself, decisively. "Take the rope, Pierre."

So saying, he, not without the exertion of some force, parted the child from what appeared to be the dying embrace of its mother. Then he spread a cloak upon the

snow, laid the child upon it, and tied the corners firmly together crosswise: and then having once more rearranged the coverings over the woman, he made his companion, who did not venture to object to the proceeding, pass his head and right arm through the spaces formed by the manner in which the corners of the cloak were tied, so that the living burden, falling behind him, was supported by his left shoulder, and left his arms free.

Pierre then, grasping the rope in both hands, in the manner which he had explained, descended slowly backwards to the narrow platform formed by the projecting piece of rock. The descent in itself was not more than moderately difficult; the only danger lay in the possibility of his feet suddenly slipping upon the snowy incline, and of the Marquis having to let go his hold of the rope. Neither accident, however, happened: and he presently stood in safety upon the rock which, as he had said, projected across the course down which the torrent was rushing in a sheer and unbroken fall. It is true that this natural ledge did not afford him much standing room, and the height between it and the bed of the river was enough to turn any ordinary head giddy; but Pierre was mountaineer enough to be free from that weakness at least, and to be able to prepare coolly and deliberately for the downward spring that was to land him beyond the torrent.

Had he been without the encumbrance at his back, the matter, though not without risk, would have been simple enough, for the distance he had to drop was not extreme. As it was, however, the danger and difficulty of the attempt were multiplied by ten at least. Nevertheless the attempt must be made now: nor, indeed, did he think of giving it up. Calling out to the Marquis to let out the rope to its fullest extent, he wound a part of it two or three times round his wrists, and then grasping it about a couple of feet from the end, made the leap, and fell safely upon the bed of new-fallen snow below him.

But a shudder passed through him when he rose and found himself free from the weight that had caused the whole of his danger. The corners of the bundle, necessarily ill secured, in spite of the care of the Marquis, had come unfastened by the slight shock of the leap. But his fear was for a moment only, though it almost came back upon him when he saw how few inches lay between the child and the watercourse — so few, indeed, that to recover it was by far the greatest risk that he had to run.

But he did recover it, and, thanks to the

soft bed on which it had fallen, he found it uninjured by the accident. Then he released his wrists from the rope, the end of which he fastened to a bush — shouted out to announce his safety and that of his charge — and then struck into a sort of path that crossed the road and led, by a long but easy ascent, to the hills.

On and on he went, while the cold wind whistled about his ears, carrying upon its breath many strange and distant sounds. But he felt no fear of imaginary dangers. A man into whose composition entered a single grain of fancy would have seen and heard all manner of terrible things, when alone on a winter's night among the hills. But Pierre was on well-known ground, and he had not a grain of fancy about him. He realized that he was cold, and that he was hungry, but nothing more; and he measured the condition, both mental and bodily, of those whom he had left by his own. He would not have minded spending the whole night out of doors as long as he had something to eat and drink; and as he doubted not the hospitality of Pré-aux-Fleurs, he doubted nothing. He even sang, not to scare away ghosts, but out of the genuine courage, or rather fearlessness, of his heart; for a heart can scarcely be called courageous that has no sense of fear. Nevertheless, in spite of all his rough carelessness, the Marquis herself could have found no want of tenderness in the way in which he carried her child.

Still, even to him, it was a welcome sight when he saw across an open space the flickering light in the window of Pré-aux-Fleurs. He stepped out faster, and in a few minutes more was knocking loudly upon the door with his fist.

The first sound he heard was the whining and scratching of the dog, as if it was striving to reach him through the door; then, —

"Who is there?" cried out a sharp but timid voice from within.

"It is I, aunt Cathon."

"*Mon Dieu!* It is Pierre!" and the door opened. Without another word he entered the room, the dog leaping about him in a state of frantic delight, and aunt Cathon following in one of fear and anxiety.

"Ah, he is wounded!" she exclaimed, when he was fairly within the glow of the fire. The young woman started, gave a slight cry, and threw her arms round him, without observing the child.

"Is all over?" asked the priest, anxiously.

"And Monsieur le Marquis?" asked aunt Cathon in the same breath.

"Monseigneur is on the other side of

the torrent of La Rochette. It has broken through the road. Madame is with him. This is their child — down, Loup! — take the child, Susanne — and there they'll have to stay till to-morrow."

His words seemed to turn those who heard them into stone. Now, indeed, the end of all things must have come.

"You must get them something, aunt Cathon," said Pierre, without giving them time to collect themselves. "I must go back to them at once."

Without a word the old woman ran off to find the best of what she had. The Curé approached the child, at which Susanne was gazing with awe.

"Poor child!" he said. "And you crossed the torrent with this? Is it possible?"

Pierre nodded.

The priest looked at it more closely. Then he exclaimed,—

"But it is dying! Take it, Susanne — take it in your arms. But I fear it is too late."

In truth, the infant seemed to have but little appearance of life. The young woman took it, and sat down with it in her lap before the fire; but the warmth had no effect. Then she stooped over it and raised it to her breast; but it still remained motionless. After all, it was almost a miracle that it had survived so long, for it seemed to be but weak and delicate by nature.

The Curé watched her vain efforts to revive it in silence. At last,— "I wonder whether it is baptized," he said, half to himself, half to Pierre.

The latter shook his head doubtfully.

"I doubt," the Curé went on, in the same half-questioning tone, "if Monsieur le Marquis thought much of the blessed sacraments."

"I'm sure he didn't," said Pierre, decidedly.

"And Madame la Marquise?"

"I have heard say she is a heretic."

The Curé crossed himself. "Poor little one! and I more than fear it has scarce an hour to live. And Monsieur le Marquis and Madame — they too, perhaps, will not live through the night. As to the child, my duty is clear. But — could I reach Monseigneur, think you, Pierre?"

"Impossible, my father."

"But you will do it?"

"It will be as much as I can do."

"Are you sure I could not?"

"What! across the torrent?"

"You swear to me that it would be quite impossible?"

"I swear, Monsieur le Curé, that, if you

tried, you would most surely find yourself in the river."

The priest did not look like one who was made to be an active martyr, although he would have suffered passively as bravely as any one. "If it is impossible, it is impossible," he sighed. "But at least the innocent child shall live, if not in this world, yet in the next. What is its name, Pierre?"

"I never heard it."

"And I do not know that of Monsieur le Marquis. Never mind — I will take it on myself, then." So saying, he dipped his finger into a basin of water, and, making on the child's forehead the sign of the cross, said:—

"*Felix, si non es baptizatus, ego baptizo te in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.* The name is of good omen, and is that of our blessed patron. Yes: I have done what is right, even though the Seigneur may blame me. I thank the *Seigneur des Seigneurs* for having kept me here this night!"

Just then aunt Cathon returned, bearing a basket which, from its size, proved that she had thought rather of the necessities of Monsieur le Marquis than of the arms of Pierre. But the strength of the latter was fully equal to the occasion.

"I shall return, aunt Cathon," he said, as soon as it is light. We shall have to contrive some way of bringing Monseigneur and Madame to Pré-aux-Fleurs. You had better send to Les Vacheries in the morning for help." He stooped over and kissed the cheek of Susanne, who was weeping silently over the child, and then once more stepped out into the night, followed by Loup, who seemed to prefer his master even to the fire.

IV.

So much, at present, for the brave mountaineer and his helpless charge. It is time to return to the more important persons who were waiting for their chance of safety.

The Marquis, on hearing Pierre's parting shout, satisfied himself that the lady was as well protected from the cold night as circumstances would allow, gave a look to the mules, and then wearily seated himself by the roadside to wait in patience until the promised two hours should have dragged themselves away. Meanwhile the snow had ceased; the cry of the wolves had died away in the distance, and all was still, save for the roar of the water, which, however, like all continuous sounds, seemed to mingle with the silence rather than to destroy it. Little by little the grey mist cleared away, and brought into sight the winter moon that,

small and pale, threw a wild light upon the snow and upon the wet crag that overhung the torrent. Nature seemed to have sunk into repose again: and it was difficult for one who was utterly fatigued both in mind and body not to sympathize with her repose. Besides, cold is in itself a soporific; and the Marquis had scarcely slept for many nights and days.

Moonlight upon the snow! The very words are full of magic meaning; and the thing is magic itself. Transformation is the very secret of its influence. It does away with form and proportion; it reverses distances, making the near seem far and the far near; it sheds upon all it touches colours, lights and shadows unknown to reality; it rarefies air into mist, and all less substantial things into air. Nor are its changes confined to the material world alone. Our true lives become unreal, and our most passing fancies usurp the place of what is true. Vague and unfounded apprehensions, and still more vague and unfounded hopes, of which not one can be expressed in any tangible form, take the place of foresight and of memory. Not only so, but they cause us to fear where we have every reason to hope, and to be careless where we ought to fear. This is so even on a summer night; and winter and solitude together, intensify the mysteries of the moonlight a hundred fold.

Thus the watcher in the snow could not be said to think while he waited. He dreamed; and the treacherous cold that wrapped him round caused his dreams more and more to resemble the dreams of actual sleep.

At last, indeed, he was no longer a watcher among the hills of the Jura. He was a wanderer in fairy-land, and in that most delusive region of the whole world of dreams in which the actors take the shapes of those whom we know in the real world.

Young in reality, he grew, as is almost invariably the case in dreams, much younger. The snowy ground on which he sat changed to a rich carpet; the hills covered with the outskirts of the grey forests approached one another until they formed the four walls of a room, hung with warmly-coloured pictures; the sky became a ceiling painted with gods and goddesses; the light of the pale moon brightened into the brilliancy of lamps; the rush of the torrent turned into a no less continuous flow of conversation, and the silent trees into a crowd that laughed and talked the language, not of trees, but of men and of women of the world. It was as though some genii had transported him backwards over space and time into the midst of some Parisian *salon* of which the

poor lady who seemed to be dying near him became once more the noblest ornament; for she, too, was touched by the same magic wand.

He was still near her — so near, indeed, that he felt the touch of her breath and of her hair. But he felt a cold weight at his heart that prevented him from uttering a word; and he knew that her heart was weighed down by the same heaviness. Presently, without regard to the company round them, by whom they were as little regarded, he took her by the hand, the warmth of which he felt with most undreamlike distinctness, and proceeded to lead her through endless passages and up and down countless stairs, some light and some dark, some crowded and some deserted, until they reached a room, which was empty, gloomy, and cold. Here, still holding her by the hand, he again made an attempt to speak; but he could only think of absurd and meaningless words; and even these he could not pronounce. And yet she seemed to understand them; for she said, in her own voice, and looking full into his face with her own eyes, —

"And why should I? Have I not made up my mind?"

"*Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus* —" Somehow he seemed to be growing younger still; and the room was surely that in which he had tried to construe Virgil twenty years since. He almost wondered that he had not recognized it before.

"Only let us go home," she said.

"Dearest Anne! Yes — the vacation will begin to-morrow. And you will come too?"

His whole life seemed to depend upon her not fading away just then. He put his left arm round her to detain her, still with his right hand holding hers, and she was just about to answer, when the shout as of an angry mob filled his ears. Suddenly he let go her hand. He started, and for an instant looked heavily about him, and then tried to stretch his limbs, which were numbed with cold.

"Can I have been dreaming?" he said to himself. "A strange place to go to sleep in! But surely that sound I heard was no dream."

He listened; but all was still. But in another moment he heard below him the strong voice of Pierre, so pitched as to pierce through the roar of the water.

"Ah! it is Pierre returned — thank God!" and he called out in his turn.

And now to draw in and fix the rope. But, to his dismay, he found that the dream-genii had been treacherous indeed. The

warm hand that he had dropped so suddenly when startled by the voice of Pierre, had in truth been nothing less than the very cord upon which in all probability depended the life of her who had filled his dreams. He sought for it carefully; but it was only too clear that the end of it which he ought to have guarded had slipped over the verge of the road.

"Pierre!" he shouted, at the extreme pitch of his voice.

"Draw the rope, Monsieur!"

"It has fallen over. What is to be done?"

"*Sacre nom de Dieu!*"

"What is to be done?"

"I have this end of it. Monsieur must come down to the rock. Perhaps I can throw it to him there."

This was easier said than done. The Marquis had not the sure feet of Pierre; and even the latter could not have descended in perfect safety without some guidance.

It must be done, however. Carefully noting the position of the slab of wet rock with his eye, he lost no time in sliding, as gently and as slowly as he could, down the face of the hill until his feet were stopped by the stone. Then, kneeling down, he saw Pierre standing just below him. His position was anything but pleasant; for the single glance that he ventured to cast down the front of the hill made him turn almost giddy, and the water that thundered under his feet made the ledge on which he was supported shake and tremble, while his face was dashed by its foam.

"Is the child safe?" he asked at once, and anxiously.

"Quite safe, Monsieur le Marquis. I have drawn up the cord, and will throw one end to you. But do not move except to catch it."

After a few unsuccessful attempts it was caught.

"And now?" asked the Marquis.

"Monseigneur will find it difficult to climb back without help. I must get on to the rock. It is very unlucky that Monseigneur let go the rope."

"And how will you get on to it? And there is barely room for two."

Pierre considered for a moment. "It was very unlucky," he repeated. "Would Monseigneur perhaps try to climb back? It would be the best way, if he could manage it."

"I will try."

"Monseigneur must be careful. He had better keep his eyes on the stump, and never look downwards."

"And then?"

"Monseigneur will fasten the noose to the stump. I can climb up then."

Fastening the cord round his body, that it might not slip out of his hands again, the Marquis de Croisville attempted, with his numbed limbs and reeling sight, to breast the steep bank of snow. But the attempt was hopeless, and he had to give it up in despair.

"Pierre," he called out, "I cannot climb three steps."

The other was silent for a while. Then he said,—

"Then let Monseigneur make all the room he can."

The Marquis crouched down against the snow-bank. Pierre, putting his whole strength into the spring, leaped upwards; and, by an effort of immense activity, succeeded in reaching with his hands the rough edge of the stone, to which he proceeded to draw up his body. It was a perilous position; but for so good a mountaineer, apparently far from desperate.

Only apparently, however. It was too true that the stone was only made for one, though not in the sense intended by the Marquis. The frosts and thaws of a thousand winters had done their work upon it; and though it had room, it had not strength for two.

With a thundering sound, and with one wild cry, the rock and the two victims of a dream fell together headlong down the steep, straight course of the torrent. There is no need to trace the fall of that confused mass of broken rock and shattered limbs; for it would be absurd to suppose that any creature could make that descent and remain for a single instant alive.

V.

WHATEVER comes with the night, no matter how real and vivid it may be, is always of the nature of a dream; while, on the other hand, the most dim and dreamlike of mornings always brings with it a sensation of reality. Not only is this the case with man, but with nature also; and now, when morning came, the hills seemed literally to wake, even although the light of the moon had been brighter and more distinct than that of the winter day-break. Dull as daylight may be, it is at all events preferable to the excitements of nightmare. The very torrent, as it foamed over the road, and reflected the red globe of the sun, seemed to have forgotten the mischief that it had brought about; for the departure of the night had deprived it of at least half its grandeur and nearly all its terror.

Nevertheless the fact remained, that the

number of strong men in the world was less by two—not that that can be considered much, perhaps, when every day strong men as well as weak were being forced out of the world by hundreds. As to the Marquise, it may seem incredible, or almost incredible, that she should have survived the cold, the weariness, and the pain in which she lay. But experience proves that it is by no means incredible. There are some constitutions that may seem to be utterly broken and yet remain proof against death—that cannot die, in fact, except from old age. And it is just among delicate women that this intense vital force is generally most strongly developed. In narratives of shipwreck and famine we invariably find that it is tenderly-nurtured women who prove most superior to hardship. Whether it is that delicacy and strength of organization are identical; whether it is that women who habitually expend little muscular exertion acquire thereby a larger reserve fund of passive strength; or whether it is that their frames are by nature better adapted for mere endurance than those of men,—the fact that seemingly weak women do often live through what would almost to a certainty kill the strongest man, cannot be doubted: and it is a strong illustration of any one of these theories that, during the past night, the Marquise de Croisville did not die.

About sunrise her trance changed into a natural sleep, which, had it come upon her during the cold of night, must have inevitably caused her death in spite of her possessing any amount of vital force. After an hour or two she woke, and managed partially to raise herself from her bed of cloaks and straw.

She found herself alone, in a white waste of silence: for to the sound of the water her ears had accustomed themselves unconsciously. It was long before she could collect her thoughts; long, even, before she felt about her for her child; longer still before she could realize the fact that it was gone from her.

But she did realize it at last; and then the rush of returning consciousness brought with it a new strength that was almost unnatural. She rose almost completely; she strove to call out her husband's name. But in spite of what might almost be called the madness of her fearful anxiety, she could only fall back once more, and her attempt to speak only ended in a cry of anguish. She stretched out her arms to grasp the air; then she listened with an intentness that would have caught the faintest and most distant sound had there been any distant

sound to hear; and then God knows into what a state of utter terror, of utter desolation, of utter helplessness, she fell—unable to move, unable to think, unable even to moan. That madness itself did not come to her relief is almost a miracle. Perhaps it was the weakness of her body that saved her; it must certainly have been to a great extent the strength of her mind. What she felt cannot be called mental anguish, for she was without any conscious impression of anything. The mere fact that she still lived was all that she knew; and that was more than enough. No anguish, however bitter, was needed to add to the intense bitterness of each moment of mere life.

How long she lay in this condition cannot be told. To her it seemed as though she lingered through centuries; but then many centuries of life may be contained in a single moment of time. It could not have been really long, or there would have been some attempt at communication from *Pré-aux-Fleurs*. At last, however, her strained ears did catch a sound. It was that of two voices approaching along the road towards her, and on the same side of the torrent.

"Are you sure we are on the road, Jules?" asked one.

"'Sure' is a strong word. I'm never sure of anything. *Diable!* how cold I am!"

"Cold? I swear to you that if we do not reach somewhere in half an hour you will have to leave me on the road. My feet are ice."

"Take some brandy. Who can tell where he is among these cursed hills? But this was said to lead to Saint Félix."

"Saint *Ignis fatuus*, I should think. What a noise of water!"

"Only the river, I suppose. What a night we have passed! I only hope that there may turn out to be a hell after all."

"Why so?"

"Because we shall have had our turn, and some people will be pretty sure to have theirs."

"They say the worst parts of hell are its cold corners."

"I should think so. I would be put on a spit with pleasure just now."

"And I would eat you with pleasure before you were half done. But, talking of hell, what in the devil's name have we here?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "A woman! poor wretch! She has escaped *la sainte mère*, any way." This, it may be supposed, was his euphemism for the guilotine.

"But she may be alive."

"Impossible. But praise be to Death! he has sent us a cart and a pair of mules. We will send the corpse rolling down the hill and take possession. My faith! Carrier would have sent the *citoyenne* down alive."

"But Jules, had we not better see—"

"See nothing, my friend; that is the wisest way."

The other, who had gone a few steps in advance, made a sudden exclamation, which brought his companion to his side.

They looked at the torrent and then at each other in blank despair. At last said he who had been called Jules, and who had proposed to deal so summarily with the Marquise,—

"Then there is an end of us, *mon ami*;" and he smiled in a way that made him by no means pleasant to look on. Indeed, in other respects the two companions were sufficiently unattractive; and yet they were even still more pitiable. Their accent and their language were good, and were not even provincial; but they were barely covered with wet and filthy rags, their faces were grimed with dirt and black stubble, and they seemed as though brandy had been meat and drink to them for days. They also were doubtless victims of the time.

"An end of the road, you mean," answered the other, whose fainting energy seemed to be revived by the extremity of their situation. "Here is this cart, as you say. It is clear that the *citoyenne* is in much the same boat as we are—and," he added, going to the side of the cart, "not unlike an aristocrat. Poor girl!"—and he looked at her again—"she has not long to live, I should say. Hand the brandy. See, she opens her eyes. Are they not fine ones too?"

"What are you saying about fine eyes?"

"Oh, I was thinking that we might drive a better bargain than if we threw away our goods—that's all."

"You speak in riddles."

"Not at all. Look here, Jules. Let us ride back the way we came. When we reach the three roads, let us take that which leads to Besançon—that is all. No one knows us there, and no one will care to ask us questions if we bring so fair a postulant to the altar of the *sainte mère*. And if they choose to trim our beards as well—why, I don't see that we shall lose much. We shall never get alive out of these accursed hills."

The poor Marquise at last found her voice. "Take me where you please," she said, feebly; "I am ready."

"Hm! a foreigner! Are you alone, *citoyenne*?"

She considered what she should reply. Suppose that her husband and her child had left her to seek aid and shelter? Suppose that in fact they had found it? It would never do to run the risk of letting these men, plainly rendered desperate by danger and misery, know anything about them. Besides, what did it matter how she died? In any case she expected to die in a few hours at most; and her reason told her that to insure their safety it would be fully worth her while to forfeit her chance of having a last but useless interview with them. But just as she was on the point of saying "Quite alone," a large dog scrambled over the side of the road, bearing in his mouth a handkerchief of fine cambric.

One of the two men showed it to her, while the dog tried to draw the other to the edge of the water course. She saw that it was her husband's; and when he who had followed the dog said, "Ah, it is plain that the *citoyenne* is alone if her friends tried to oreak their necks by getting round here," it was clear enough to her what the fate of her husband and of her child must have been.

"What is your name, *citoyenne*?" asked Jules, who held the handkerchief.

"The Marquise de Croisville."

The two men exchanged meaning looks.

"You are not French?"

"I am English."

"*Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?*" Well, there is no help for it. Turn the mules round, if their knees are not as stiff as mine. There, *citoyenne*, we'll make you as comfortable as we can. Who knows? Perhaps we are all going to visit *la mère guillotine* together. Well, death is but death after all; and whether it comes by the knife or the cold, what matter? Courage, *citoyenne*! Who knows what may happen?" And with a sort of reckless gaiety he began to sing,—

"Ca ira, ca ira,

Les aristocrats a la lanterne!"

"Hush!" said the other, who, though he had proposed the scheme, was less brutal in manner.

"Not I," replied Jules, dragging round the mules with a will, and with no sparing of blows; "we must learn to be good Montagnards—curse them! One must try to live, after all. And if we have to die with the *citoyenne*, we will give them in their teeth the good old Marseillaise."

A sudden light came into the pale face

of the Marquise. Tears for the first time flooded her eyes, and, after one glance at the torrent which now lay behind her, she looked up to heaven.

"I am justly punished," she murmured to herself in English. Then, once more in French, she said in a strong full voice that

seemed to tell of conquest over self, "And if I have to die, with you or without you, my last word shall be *Vive le Roi!*"

But it was a last effort, and she fell back exhausted. The two men shrugged their shoulders at one another, and the cart once more went on in silence.

FALLACY AS TO "USEFUL" KNOWLEDGE. — There was, I always thought, a very decided fallacy in the nomenclature adapted at the last great movement of educational reform, when societies were constituted for the "diffusion of useful knowledge." The fallacy lay not only in the assumption that there is some knowledge which is useless to the world — an assumption which cannot bear investigation for a moment, for no real knowledge can be useless in any of its three great departments, the knowledge of nature, of man, and of God. Nor again, did it lie only in the assumption that material utility — the promotion of material civilization, the making of steam-engines and telegraphs, the improvements of manufacture and of art — that this (I say) alone was useful; that there were no higher necessities in the nature of individual man, no higher elements in a nation's life. But it lay in the idea that the knowledge of what is in itself useful is pre-eminently and universally useful knowledge. A locomotive, for example, is highly useful, but it does not follow that the knowledge of it is pre-eminently useful for those who are not mechanics or engine-drivers. All knowledge is, I grant, generally useful, but surely we may doubt whether this has any special usefulness to us. If I had to choose between a knowledge of Shakspeare and a knowledge of the steam-engine, or between some knowledge, we will say, of art and knowledge of chemical manufacture — if I had to ask which of these better fitted me to understand the meaning of life and to enter into the higher elements of its happiness, I should choose without hesitation the knowledge of literature and art, which the school above referred to would have branded as comparatively useless. The fallacy is not dead yet. It was but a little while ago that a great political and social reformer was very severe upon our educational system, because, while it taught the subtleties of language, it did not tell men where to find Chicago on the map, and because it knew more of the little Iliuss than the gigantic Mississippi. Why, gentlemen, how can it matter to the world at large whether they do or do not know how to put their finger at once on Chicago? If they want to go there, or to have dealings there, they can take down the Atlas and find it. In the meanwhile, is a man's nature less cultivated, because he does not know where a particular mass of houses and people is situated? And suppose (which was, I think,

the great complaint against the classic Iliuss) that it is a little dribble of a stream, which a man can cross dry-shod in summer, does that prevent the fact of its being bound up in association with some of the highest poetry and the noblest philosophy that the world ever saw — poetry and philosophy which are living and determining now some of the main currents of human thought? The comparison thus put is really of the study of Sophocles or Plato as against the knowledge of the map; and (modernism notwithstanding) I would still declare for the former. Pray understand that of geographical science, as science, I speak with profound respect. There is in it much grandeur of scope, much closeness of induction, an ever-varied field of interest. But the comparison here was one of so-called useful knowledge, because Chicago was a wealthy and growing town and the Mississippi a river of enormous commercial consequence; and here I say that there is the old fallacy, and that fallacy is a great one. I rejoice, therefore, to see sounder and deeper views in our own day — to see that technical education is viewed and recommended, not only for its fruits of material utility, but because it is deemed likely to promote excellence of education as such.

— *From Lecture delivered at King's College by Rev. Dr. Barry, Principal.*

A CURIOUS legitimacy case is just now before the Jersey law courts. By the law of the island a child born out of wedlock is legitimized, as in Scotland, by the subsequent marriage of the parents. Some years ago Dr. La Cloche, a surgeon, at the age of eighty-three married his housekeeper, who sixty-one years previously had borne him a son, and this son was thus entitled to succeed to the paternal inheritance. Soon afterwards father and son had a quarrel, and the old gentleman at his death left the whole of his property to his grandson. The son now seeks to annul this will, as being contrary to the law of the island, which provides that all inherited property shall fall to the eldest son or principal heir. The defendant is the plaintiff's own son, and his plea is that his father is illegitimate, and can therefore have no claim to the property. The court has not yet given judgment in the case.

From The Spectator.

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

SOME thirty-three years ago, any day between November and April, and between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, a noticeable figure might have been seen progressing at a great pace along the North Bridge of Edinburgh in the direction of the University. The face, somewhat of the Roman type, with flashing dark eyes, the stalwart frame, the blended look of eagerness, impatience, and strength, the portfolio under the left arm, the swinging step, all suggested at once to the spectator the passing-by of no ordinary man. Indeed, excepting the leonine appearance of Christopher North, who seemed to make the pavement ring again as he walked along, there was no such bodily presence to be seen in the Modern Athens at the date of which we speak. Like Wilson, this man would be a formidable antagonist in a stand-up fight or wrestling match, and it is reported of him that while a student at Oxford, a party being assembled in his rooms, he rushed to the door, at which an unlucky tutor was listening, and seizing the academical authority by the collar, lifted him right over the banisters, and held him suspended in mid-air—the light having been previously extinguished—until the reverend inquisitor proclaimed his dignity, and sued for mercy and deliverance. As we need scarcely inform our readers, the athlete of Oxford, whom we have sketched as hurrying to the Edinburgh college, is the recently appointed Professor of Logic, Sir William Hamilton. In all probability, he had not been an hour out of bed, as the lecture he was about to deliver had not been finished—the valiant Lady Hamilton enacting the part of amanuensis through the long night—until four or five o'clock the same morning.

The fact of this late composition of the day's lecture illustrates what we must call the fatal peculiarity of Sir William's mental habitude. There was in him, with all his invincible energy and insatiable hunger and thirst after book knowledge, a dominating vice of delay. It is doubtful if we should ever have been acquainted at all with his conclusions respecting Perception, the Conditioned, or the Quantification of the Predicate, unless his friend Mr. Macvey Napier, on assuming the editorship of the *Edinburgh*, had coerced him into authorship.

And, perhaps, no contributor ever occasioned his editorial chief so much worry, so much bewilderment and dismay, as did this most learned of all modern Scotchmen. Sir William's articles were always late, were sometimes scarcely completed when sent at last, and were invariably too long. Of course, his contributions were worth waiting for, and on their appearance they won for their author an European reputation. But all the same, it was unmitigated harassment to the captain of the ship, so to speak, to have to run the risk of losing the tide through the dilatoriness of an occasional passenger, who never was on board until the twelfth hour, and then came rushing with such a quantity of luggage that there was scarcely room to stow it in. The only parallel instance which we can remember as we write to this procrastinating persistency in a great mind is that of Coleridge. In Coleridge's case the postponing habit seems to have been induced by narcotics. In that of Sir William Hamilton some other cause must have been in operation, for it appears that his powerful physique was so little affected by laudanum that he could swallow some 450 drops of it without suffering any but the slightest inconveniences from the draught. Of course, an outsider would be ready to jump to the conclusion that the man who experimented so freely on his own nervous system, and whose writing work was never done except in a spasmodic way, must have seriously impaired his power of volition. It would seem, however, that Sir William's unreadiness was not created or aggravated by any carnal indulgence, but was rather a native *vis inertia* which he never roused himself sufficiently to conquer. And as one looks at the portrait prefixed to the life before us, one seems to see indications of weakness and irresolution about the mouth and chin, in remarkable contrast with the capacity which is indicated by the magnificent forehead. His Fabian characteristic, blended with sudden impulses of rushing into print, was strikingly illustrated at the time of the famous disruption of the Kirk of Scotland in 1843. Sir William had, doubtless, read all the legion of pamphlets which had been issuing for ten years from the Scottish Press on the question which finally rent the Northern Establishment in twain; and fifty times during the progress of the fray, we may safely assume that he had meditated striking a blow. However, he held his hand, until at last, the very week before the exodus of the "Frees," the fire burnt in him so hotly that he could no longer remain a mere inactive spectator.

* *Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Veltch, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1899.

Familiar for years with the Continental ecclesiastical authorities, to whom the controversialists on both sides had made their confident appeal, and believing that the French, Swiss, and German Reformers did not sanction the "absolute" *Veto*, or "unconditioned" assertion of the popular will, in the appointment of ministers, — which the Chalmers party held to be fundamental, he hastily marshalled his formidable array of quotations, and hurried through the press a pamphlet with the title, "Be not Martyrs, be not Schismatics, by Mistake." But, alas! the publication was too late, and Sir William's warning words were not heard until the day after the disruption had taken place. Edinburgh was convulsed with laughter, and Hugh Miller was nowise loth to exhibit the great professor of logic in the columns of the *Witness*, under the light of what we may call his "Old Red" humour, as valiantly arriving on the field of fight when the battle was over.*

If we try to account to ourselves further for this procrastinating infirmity of a noble mind, we can gather from his biography one or two additional reasons. And, first of all, he had no ambition, in the ordinary acceptance of the word. He rather resembled the disembodied shade of Arthur Hallam, as Tennyson conceives it, contemptuous of the hollow wraith of dying fame, and exulting in the self-infolded forces which could at pleasure forge a name if it was worth while. It is true he served himself heir to the lapsed baronetcy of the Hamiltons of Preston, but he was quite content to be a poor baronet, and so little did he care to achieve a fortune in some measure commensurate with his rank, or perhaps demanded by the exigencies of his domestic circumstances, that we find his friends besieging the Treasury for a pension in his behalf when, in 1846, his fifty-eighth year, he was suddenly struck down by paralysis. In this matter of the pension to Sir W. Hamilton, Lord Russell, who was Premier at the time, is conspicuous by the absence on his part of even common-place capacity to recognize the claims of the distinguished scholar. A paltry annuity of £100 a year was all that could be afforded to the man who raised Scottish learning to a height it had scarcely ever reached before, who gave to Scottish speculation a celebrity unknown

since the days of Hume and Reid, and who for the last ten years had been elevating indefinitely the whole tone and standard of literary and philosophical training in the university which, at the time we speak of, his name mainly represented to Europe! The sum was so ludicrously small that Sir William at first refused it, and, in the end, only consented to accept it on condition that it should be settled on Lady Hamilton. At the same time, we cannot help believing that a little of the Walter Scott secular ambition, with a little of Scott's literary industry, would have saved Hamilton from this experience of British Philistinism, which was all the more Philistine that Hamilton, though he would not stoop to be a partizan, was a very ardent supporter of the Liberal cause.

Again, the pet dogma of the cleft-stick in which, as he concluded, the human intellect finds itself imprisoned, between an absolute finite and an "unobtrusive," indeed, but "unconditioned" infinite, must, to a certain extent, have arrested the spontaneous energies of his spirit. The alleged "counter-imbabilities" of the mind — the dead stone wall on the one hand, the nebulous infinite on the other — may have begotten in him a fearfulness, in spite of all his native courage, lest, by any instantaneous movement, he might dash his head against the former, or lose it in the latter.

Once more, his Samson-like sense of humour may have tempted him to pooh-pooh many contemporary interests. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, it was this very sense of the ridiculous, in concert with the logical perception of the absurd, which would at times rouse him into activity and indignant denial. Phrenology was laughably absurd. Transcendentalism was a practical joke played off on the "imbecilities," and the popular clergy of the Kirk were about to ride out into the wilderness on a huge mistake! In illustration and proof of what we mean, it is stated that Sir William was in the habit of letting off his humour by grotesque drawings on the margin of his manuscript.

But his intense conscientiousness seemed to say to him, "Don't write on any subject until you have refreshed your memory with everything that anybody else has said about it. Until you have gone through all the fields of knowledge with a double rake, have gathered all your gleanings into one heap, have thrashed and winnowed them, and thoroughly severed the wheat from the chaff, you must not grind a peck of grain, or manufacture even a penny loaf." Doubtless, we honour the thorough-going

* We have not read this brochure of Sir William since its first appearance, but it struck us at the time as being as inconclusive as it was inopportune. One of the sayings in it, however, was too memorable to be forgotten. Speaking of the opinion of a multitude, he likened it to the height of a crowd, which, after all, cannot be greater than that of the tallest man in it.

habit of investigation which Sir William possessed, and we like the saying of Jean Paul Richter, "Never read until you have thought yourself empty, and never write until you have read yourself full;" but if each article we write is to involve the careful analysis of all the treatises which have been penned on the subject which it embraces, it is clear that literature must become an affair of bibliography. Sir William when about to write seemed always to accumulate his materials as if instead of having to contribute results of his own, he was on the eve of undergoing an examination, and as if the memory of his graduation in Oxford, when the list of books in which he was prepared to be examined was quite unparalleled in the annals of the University, demanded an indication of still ampler knowledge. We have sometimes said to ourselves what a good thing it would have been for Sir William, for his family, and the world if he had been lashed to the helm of a daily paper. The feeling of necessity being laid on him to meet the daily demand might have wrought great marvels; but, after all, we must take men as we find them, and must accept with admiration, if with much regret, this phenomenon of a scholar who could survey the realms of literature and philosophy as Herschel surveys the starry heavens, and yet cared so little to communicate to others a record at all commensurate with the wide sweep of his intelligence.

We have, to be sure, obtained his notes on Reid, his discussions, and the lectures to his logic class, which were crushed out as in a wine-press, during the first year of his professorship; but it is somewhat mournful to make a list of Sir William's "Meditations," which never came to the birth. He meditated a classified synopsis of his rare library, he meditated the lives of the Scaligers. His very *Luther*, whom, in reality, he admired more than he gave the world reason to suppose, was a meditation. It suited him better to weigh brains, and he was a discoverer in the matter of the growth of the human brain; to stick pins in the heads of a small menagerie which he kept for experimental purposes in his back garden; to come down with his sledge-hammer, once in a way, on Gall and Spurzheim, rather than grapple with the details of a professional life in law or medicine, or give us such a coherent narrative of the progress of philosophy as would have immortalized his name as an historian.

The son of a professor of medicine, Sir William Hamilton was born within the precincts of the University of Glasgow in 1788.

His mother, whom he loved and honoured, was an able and cultivated woman, though rather of the Spartan type, and perhaps the facile good-nature with which he ruled his own life was in part a recoil from the sternness of her discipline. After a distinguished college career, he went to Oxford on a "Snell exhibition." It was before the days of athletic sports that Hamilton went to Oxford, but for the time that then was, he was a notable athlete. In feats with the leaping-pole, as if symbolical of his intellectual Kantian leap over the hard and fast categories of the understanding into the region of liberty, immortality, and God, he had no equal. His examination raised him to an eminence on which he stood alone; but no fellowship followed, and ultimately Hamilton studied for the Scottish Bar. We are told that in the Northern Teind or Tithe Court, in which he held a not very lucrative post, he was a great authority; but it was a weariness to his flesh and soul to pace with gown and wig the floor of the "Parliament House." He took refuge in the Advocate's Library, and was glad to bury himself there. After holding the Chair of Civil History for sixteen years, in which at last he was pretty much *Cæsar* without an army—the students being, as we understand, a mere handful—he was in 1836, elected to the chair of Logic, and that position he held until his death. Sir William could not stoop to "mendicate" the votes of the patrons of college preferment—the enlightened Town Council of Edinburgh—with whom a great qualification was being, as one of them told an English candidate for the chair, "a jint member o' some bodie," i. e., a Church communicant, and he only secured his election by four votes.

Sir William was perfectly competent to have filled at once all the chairs of the literary and philosophical *curriculum* in the Edinburgh University, except those of mathematics and natural philosophy. And the antecedents of the class over which he was called to preside, the majority of the members being, as a rule, mere boys, ranging from 14 to 16 or 17 years of age, might lead one to suspect that he would with difficulty succeed in bringing his audience within "sparking distance" of his speculations. Even the editor of the *Edinburgh* professed his inability to comprehend all that he meant to advance in his articles. However, Sir William's professorship was from the first a marked success. In due time his class left all others comparatively in the shade. Pillans, in the Chair of Humanity, taught carefully, and, by his lite-

rary sympathies, awakened in many an interest in general knowledge which they will always gratefully ascribe to him. Wilson — Christopher North — by his glowing, and at times magnificent rhetoric, by the tones of his deep-sounding voice, by the commanding expression of his broad forehead, flowing locks, and kindling eye, as he stood like a man inspired and creating, before the bundle of loose papers which lay on his desk, begot an immense personal enthusiasm. The Professor of Natural Philosophy, James Forbes — the Forbes of the Glaciers — tall as a giraffe, and almost feminine in manner and accent, would hold entranced the select few who could follow him through the course of an elaborate statical or dynamical demonstration; but the master who left his mark, who made disciples, was Hamilton. And to mention none others, there are four, whose names occur in this biography, who can not only tell us what Hamilton was like, — tell us of his noble kindness, his affability, his unwearied readiness to help, his wide and minute acquaintance with all manner of subjects, his beautiful home-life, his order, discipline, and method in his class, but who made his thinking their own, and these are Hamilton's successor in the Chair of Logic, Alexander Fraser, Professor Baynes of St. Andrew's, Dr. John Cairns of Berwick, and the able author of this admirable life, Professor Veitch, of Glasgow.

Sir William Hamilton spent his life chiefly in "thinking about thinking," but if we except his Quantification of the Predicate, a very important contribution to the science of formal logic, we cannot discover that he has made any fresh additions of his own to the stock of speculative thought. He took up speculation as to the conditions of human thought exactly where Kant had left it, and he did not advance it a single step. He was caught in the antinomies of the Königsberg sage, and stuck fast between them, as far as we can discover from his writings. Of course, a reader like Sir W. Hamilton was well acquainted with the specific *differentia* which distinguish Herbart, Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Hegel from each other in the great controversy touching the contents of our speculative ideas. But we cannot learn from him the relative *nuances* of their respective theories, the points in which they coalesce, or at which they mutually diverge. All the same, we honour Sir William for his great candour, his lucidity, and the ardour with which he fought against what seemed to him the perilous assumptions of a philosophy

transcending the possible conditions of human thought.

Did our space allow, we should like to try to show that if the idea of the Infinite is not *given*, it is quite impossible ever to reach it inferentially, for no addition of finites can ever yield an infinite, and that if the idea of the Infinite is wholly inconceivable, then human worship becomes a mere pretence or a vulgar superstition. But we cannot go into these matters now. It is more satisfactory to us to listen to the latest utterance of this great scholar and profound dialectician, in which at last he seems not so much to find as to be *found*, and to hear him whisper of that Shepherd whose rod and staff stay and comfort when all the conditions of time are falling from around us. He died in his sixty-eighth year, 1856, and on the tablet to his memory erected in St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, beneath which his mortal body was laid, occur the following touching words: — "His hope was that in the life to come, he should see face to face, and know even as he is known."

From The Spectator.

A STONE-AGE POMPEII.

THIS is the title of an article by M. F. Fouqué, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 15, giving an account of some discoveries recently made in the islands of Santorin and Therasia (two of the Cyclades). These two islands, with a much smaller one, Aspronisi, surround a sort of circular bay about six miles across. Their inner coasts, those towards the bay, present a series of lofty cliffs sometimes reaching a height of more than 1,300 feet, and inaccessible, except by steps cut in the rock at great expense. Above these dark walls, where the black lava is varied by strata of reddish scoriæ and thin layers of purple-grey ashes, lies a band of pumice-stone of brilliant whiteness. From the summit the land slopes away gently to the open sea, and is everywhere covered with a coating of tufa or pozzolana, at times more than 100 feet deep. Here and there upon the slopes are scattered populous villages, round which the vines flourish luxuriantly and produce a wine that has long been exported to the neighbouring countries, and is now shipped to England. There is, however, no soil but a light friable pumice, the dust of which is raised and carried in eddies by every strong wind. This pumice, when duly mixed with lime, produces a hard cement, which has the quality

of great resistance to the action of the weather or of sea-water; and it is consequently, in great demand for the construction of piers, breakwaters, and the like. It has for some time been exported, and the works at the Suez Canal have caused lately an increased demand for it. In quarrying the tufa has been quite cut through, and beneath have been found remains of buildings erected by the primitive dwellers in the islands.

The first discoveries were made at Therasia. On the southern face of this island, between the two capes in which it terminates, are vast open quarries. The works are at the edge of the cliff, and the material is hurled down some 500 feet to the base, whence it is directed by shoots into boats. The workmen have been accustomed not to cut down to the bottom of the stratum, since below a certain level they found that the pozzolana was mixed with blocks of stone, which, besides making it more difficult to work, reduced its value. These blocks lay in regular lines, and were the crest of walls. The proprietors and workmen noticed this, but took no interest in the matter, and attention was first called to the discovery by M. Christomanos, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Athens.

Two questions presented themselves for solution. Firstly, were these the remains of dwelling-houses built before the pumice was deposited, or only of tombs made in it long after it had been found? In the latter case, they were of comparatively little interest, as such tombs had been found before, both in Santorin and Therasia. Secondly, supposing them to be dwelling-houses, had they been buried by landslips or by the action of water? Enough has been discovered to answer both questions. There can be no doubt that the buildings were raised to dwell in, and that the pumice which covered them had not stirred since it first fell from the volcano.

The principal building uncovered contains six rooms of various sizes; the largest being about 20 feet by 17 feet, the smallest a little more than 8 feet square. One of the walls is carried out so as to enclose a sort of court about 26 feet long, with a single entrance. A smaller building of one chamber has been opened close to this, and the crests of several walls in the neighbourhood bear witness to the existence of houses still buried. The masonry is quite different from that at present in use in the island, containing neither pozzolana nor lime. The walls are composed of irregular blocks of unhewn lava, laid one above another without order; the interstices being filled

up with a reddish-coloured volcanic ash. Among the walls are laid in every direction long branches of olive wood, now for the most part so decayed that they crumble at the first touch. The object of these was to make the walls less rigid, and so less subject to disturbance from earthquakes. Some pieces of roughly-hewn stone mark the place of the windows and doors, but the lintel was of wood, and its decay has led to the falling-in of the stone above it. The roofs, which in all cases have given way, were constructed of a layer of stone and volcanic earth about a foot thick, supported on rafters inserted in the wall very close to each other. In the largest apartment the whole roof rested against a central pillar of wood, which was carried on a cylindrical stone sunk into the earth. In one instance, and only one, there were signs of a chamber being divided into two floors. One human skeleton was found; that of a man of middle age, who was doubled up in one corner of a room, as if crushed under the weight of the roof when it broke in. Much of his property had escaped destruction, and objects of various kinds were there; vessels of lava and earthenware, grain, straw, bones of animals, tools of flint and of lava. There was no trace of metals; not even a nail in the woodwork of the roof. The pottery is of several kinds. Large yellowish jars, holding sometimes as much as twenty gallons, are the most common. They contained barley, peas, anise, &c., and are such as were usually employed in Greece for storing grain. Barley was found also piled up against the walls. A smaller kind of jars of a light colour ornamented with a red pattern present peculiarities which distinguish them from all Greek, Etruscan, or Egyptian pottery. There are but two examples of such ware in France, says M. Fouqué, one of which comes from the Syrian desert, the other from the neighborhood of Autun, whither it was probably brought from the East through Marseilles. There is yet another kind, made of a fine, light-yellow earth, and adorned with spots and curved lines, or even with garlands of leaves. The execution of these shows great skill and taste on the part of the workman.

Other rougher vessels have been found, and some large troughs of lava, which seem to have been used for feeding animals. They were fixed in the ground; some in the court, others in a room where were also some sheep-bones. Another lava vessel was probably an oil press. Similar presses are still used in some islands of the Archipelago. Some hand-mills of lava were turned up consisting of two hemispherical

blocks about eight inches across; the flat sides are worn as with use. In the thousands of years during which these have been hid, the islanders have so far improved on this, that they now put a wooden handle to the upper stone. There is another and more curious instance of the preservation of primitive methods of manufacture. Some disks of lava were found, pierced in the centre. A faint groove running on each side from the hole to the disk, looked like the mark of a cord by which it had been suspended. M. Fouqué could imagine no use for these till he learned that similar disks of stone are employed by the weavers for stretching their work upon the frame. With the disks were found some weights of lava, as well as a flint lance-head, and a sort of small saw, also of flint. These resemble the usual flint tools known to archaeologists.

We have thus proof of the existence of a people who, although they had not yet learned to work in metals, had made considerable advance in civilization. They had domestic animals, some of them stalled; they cultivated various kinds of grain; they grew olives and pressed the oil. Even with their imperfect flint tools they had some skill as carpenters and masons, and constructed houses which must have been tolerably comfortable. Lastly, they had already a sea-going trade. Their pottery must have come from abroad, as the clay for its manufacture was not to be found in the island. The discoveries at Therasia have led to searches at Santorin, which have not been without success. The articles found there are of the same character as those dug out at Therasia, but some of them are proved by their position to be of a date subsequent to the deposit of the pumice. It is evident that the colonists who re-peopled the islands were in the same stage of civilization as those who perished in the eruption.

There can be no doubt that these islands once formed but one, in the midst of which rose the cone of a great volcano over 3,000 feet high. At some time in the distant past, a tremendous and sudden eruption covered all its flanks with the layer of pumice which now forms the crust of Santorin and Therasia. Afterwards (we cannot tell how long, but we may suppose as a part of the same awful convulsion of nature) the mountain that had spread all this ruin around it, broke away and sank down; leaving, as it were, a great bowl, the edges of which were formed by a border of land now represented by the three islands. Through a breach in the north of this border the sea poured and filled the bay. Since then the volcanic powers have

frequently been active. In the year 196 B. C. an island rose in the middle of the bay, and quite lately, if we remember rightly, some rapid changes in the land were attracting considerable attention.

M. Fouqué indulges in some speculations as to the length of time through which these remains have been buried. This is a matter which we must leave to the learned in antiquities, who may be safely trusted to disagree upon it. We have only to express a hope that this strange opportunity of informing ourselves as to the habits of primeval man will not be lost, and that England will take her part in aiding a search which cannot fail to be rewarded by the discovery of objects of great interest. Our readers will find much that we have been obliged to omit in the article from which this has been abridged.

From The Spectator.

THE WORSHIP OF CHILDREN.

WHEN it is said that this is the age of railways and the electric telegraph and other such arts and inventions, it is described by mere accidents. Socially it has much more characteristic features. Consider, for instance, the excessive elaboration of the toys, books, pictures, and literature, produced specially for children. Here is a man of genius, Mr. George Macdonald, for instance, giving a great portion of his time to write and edit *Good Words for the Young*, and for years there has been produced by Mrs. Alfred Gatty a magazine for children, called *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, which is better of its kind than almost if not quite every magazine for grown-up people. And these are mere specimens of the abundant literature now dedicated to children.

The Christmas books for children are just beginning to pour out of the press with that steady and incessant flow which never relaxes for the last two months of the year and the first of the new year. Rhymes, pictures, fairy tales, books of games, books of adventures, boys' magazines, girls' magazines, science made easy, poetry made childlike, the grotesque old ballads revived with humorous caricatures, translations from the German elaborately illustrated by German artists, translations from the French elaborately illustrated by French artists, everything that the highest and subtlest refinement of the most practised and diligent ingenuity can invent are prepared at the demand of elderly relatives anxious and ready to purchase all these inven-

tions in large quantities at lavish expense, and pour them into the laps of the children whom they most do propitiate. The children of the present day are infinitely more thought of and better served not only than the children of any previous generation, but than anybody who has been unfortunate enough to pass the age of childhood. True it is that any one of us, — and the present writer is certainly one, — who is inclined to prefer good children's stories to almost any other species of literature, comes in for waifs and strays of good fortune in consequence of this fanatical cultus of children, and has now and then the grim satisfaction of growling to himself (as, for instance, while reading the admirable inquest held by Dr. Earwig over the dead moth in *Aunt Judy* of this month) — "Ah, the little wretches won't understand that; I have that to myself, as it were." But this is a mere accidental bonus for those grown-up people who are afflicted by the malformation of mind which delights in children's stories after they have ceased to have children's minds. We are not grateful for that sort of accident, for it was due to no intention of gratifying us. The horrible and profligate profusion of energy and invention of children's amusements and instruction is none the less, that sometimes the uncles and aunts may eat of the crumbs which fall from the nieces' tables. We were delighted to hear a critic who has taken some pains to get at the statistics of children's suffrages on such subjects say, with a sepulchral warning in his voice, of Mr. Macdonald's first number of *Good Words for the Young*, "If Mr. Macdonald does not take care, he will injure the sale of that work by a redundancy of fairy stories." Nothing could be more pleasant to hear, for the middle-aged auditor happened to be very greedy of fairy stories himself; and to know *both* that his own private taste was being consulted, *and* that the young people's taste had not been satisfactorily gratified, seemed almost too good to be true.

The truth is, that the worship of children has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. It is the growing evil of the day. We know very well all about "the fresh young soul" and the "child-heart," and that sort of thing. It is that sort of thing which has seriously injured the children of this generation. When artlessness gets to know its power, it is very near to art. Children are too much consulted in our generation. Their pleasures are far too numerous and elaborate. A stern and healthy frugality, not to say

asceticism, in relation to providing children with the means of enjoyment, and in administering their amusements, is the truest kindness to children. They are as incapable of valuing the high development and elaborate, Asiatic luxury of their modern play-rooms and playthings, as a labouring man would be of appreciating the luxury of French cookery. Simplicity, and we may almost say monotony, are of the essence of a true child's amusements. The same stories and the same rude toys amuse more the twentieth time than they did the first, and more the two-hundredth time than they did the twentieth. We have known a wooden doll with one arm give a vast deal more pleasure than a winking wax creature who runs on wheels and emits a sort of squeaking apology for the word "mamma." Among the bricks of the present writer's own childhood, — not the metaphorical "bricks" among his playmates, but the play-bricks with which he built houses and round-towers, — there was one accidentally burnt and blackened by the smoke. That brick represented to his childish imagination an ecclesiastical personage closely related to himself, far more vividly than any formal imitation of the human form ever could have done, and he seriously believes that if that blackened brick had come to any untimely end, he would have felt that some great calamity impended over "Papa" with an intensity of grief that could have been inspired by no accident to any of his toys. We don't believe a bit in the voluptuous era for children. A few nursery rhymes, a few good old fairy tales, a wooden donkey with paniers to take to bed — (this apparatus, being so specially unsuitable to bed, has a special charm for that purpose) — a box of bricks, a whip, and in good time, a ball of string and a knife, are all the playthings a child needs, and quite enough if his invention is to have the least play. Load him with elaborate ingenuities, with pictures so good that you feel bound to explain their finer touches, with tales of character where all the fitnesses of nature and circumstance are carefully attended to, with ballads of humour a hundred times as fine and elaborate as he can take in, and you only overload him and leave no room for the elastic power of invention and imagination, which is the best of all amusements for him.

The best thing benevolent uncles and aunts can do, if they have been so injudicious as to buy much of the admirable children's literature of the present day for their nephews and nieces, is to *keep it themselves* and try to enjoy it. If they can do so, they

may be sure that, in the fitness of things, it is more suitable for them than for the little ones. If they can't, it is a sign their minds need refreshing, and they should keep it till they can. *Good Words for the Young*, and *Aunt Judy* are really capital magazines for the old; but for the young they are too luxurious, elaborate, and refined. The brown bread of literature is, after all, more nourishing for children than all these fine fancies and all this delicate humour. For instance, there is a little play about "Touching the Moon" by the author of "Lilliput Levee," in *Good Words for the Young*, the drift of which is really far beyond them; it might, indeed, fairly be called a refined spiritual parable for the old,—a poetic adaptation of the theology of St. Paul. If it did not bewilder children, it would only be because they would miss its meaning as completely as if it had had no meaning to miss. A bare, rugged, and almost grotesque simplicity of material is, we are disposed to maintain, the best possible food for ninety-nine children out of a hundred. If you tell them a fairy story, tell them one genuinely marvellous, capricious in its details, and wholly devoid of allegory. If you tell them a moral tale, put the moral in the nakedest possible form before them;—make your good boy very good, your naughty boy very naughty; your reward very plain, your punishment very clear,—and above all, avoid the *finesse* and complexity of real life. They will come to all that in time. Let them see the outlines and the opposites before they begin to understand the shading and the mixture of colours. For our own parts, besides the grudge we openly profess to the children of this generation for monopolizing so many more of the good things of this world than they are able to enjoy, we sincerely believe that they would be happier on the plain food and limited enjoyments which alone were at the command of the last generation. Will the children of to-day ever feel towards the elaborate and, we admit, admirable, work produced for their amusement, half the yearnings of tender remembrance which we lavish on the wooden moral tales, grotesque as gargoyles, which we so eagerly consumed in our childish days? What child will ever turn to Mr. Kingsley's "Water Babies," or even Mr. Ruskin's delightful little tale of "The Black Brothers," or to any of the many masterpieces of modern art intended for children's amusement, with the sigh of mingled merriment and reverence with which the mediaevals of to-day turn to the little plays and stories in "Evenings at Home;" for example, the magnilo-

quent patriotism of "Alfred, a Drama," or the irritating antithesis between "Eyes" and "No Eyes" (where every decent child heartily sympathizes with "No Eyes" and hates "Eyes"), or the awful and ghastly warning against instructive persons which used to be furnished by the conversations between "Tutor, George, and Harry" on "leguminous plants" and other sticky or earthy subjects? We have often been gravely inclined to attribute the falling-off in patriotism and public interest in the young people of this generation to the absence from their modern literature of such very plain and didactic lessons as King Alfred's eloquent though arbitrarily timed resolve, after he has embraced his "brave Ella," never to sheathe my sword against these robbers,"

"Till dove-like peace return to England's shore,
And war and slaughter vex the land no more."

Nowadays that sort of thing is left out of children's books as unsuitable to their age, which of course it is,—but it was exactly the old-fashioned things in the old children's books which sowed the seeds of manlier thoughts. When will literature of pure and artistic taste ever produce a book to which the childish reader will look back in maturer years with as much odd enjoyment and gratitude as the present writer does to that great work, in three minute volumes, illustrated by Blake, called "Elements of Morality," which was translated from a priggish German author in order to teach English parents how to educate their children into priggishness,—an object in which it gloriously failed, serving, indeed to unteach priggishness by the splendid grotesqueness of the warning it held forth? We are convinced that children learned more by the old, plain didacticism, both when they sympathized with it and when they could not refrain from ridiculing it, than they do by the higher art of modern times. Who has ever had so good a lesson against the Paleyan moral system in later life as he had in reading as a child such a dialogue as this in "Elements of Morality":—"Curate: What is the matter with my little guest? Charles: Nothing at all. Curate: Something must ail you, or you would not cry. Charles: Ah, if I were with my dear father and mother! Curate: You now feel, my child, sorrow, or a violent and uneasy desire to see some absent person whom you love. I do not blame you for it; no one ought to be so dear to a good child as his parents, and he should feel a little uneasy when he is parted from them. But, my dear child, if you will live contented, you must learn to

moderate this as well as fear and joy *or you will miss many pleasures*. Do you think you can bring them here by your longing and crying? Certainly not; you know it is impossible. Of what use, then, is this violent desire which makes you so very uncomfortable?" That sort of naked teaching makes a far more educating impression on children — though it educates them in a direction often precisely opposite to that intended — than the high art of modern days, in which both the bitters and the sweets are too finely mixed to be easily discriminated and apprehended by children. We suspect there is a great deal to be said for the naked and grotesque absolutism of the didactic morality in the old-world children's tales. It did at least produce a definite impression either of attraction or repulsion. Life in its complex, unanalyzed form is too rich a thing to educate children as clearly.

On the whole, we think our grudge against the excessive culture of modern children is really justifiable on rational grounds as well as on that of private pique. A hardier and austerer fare, as regards pleasure, would keep up a healthier appetite for pleasure. A solidier and plainer teaching as regards morality, even if it were grotesquely false at times, would keep up the independent action of children's consciences and affections. The era of elaborate sugar-plums and high art for children is certainly not one that produces the most vigorous and eager minds. The worship of children is throwing us all into the shade. Let us put them down for the future. It will do both us and them good.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
MADEMOISELLE TINNE.

A RECENT number of the *Gartenlaube* contains an interesting and romantic sketch, by Wilhelm Gentz, of Mdle. Tinné, the female explorer, whose tragical death this year was a real loss to science. This remarkable woman was the daughter of an English merchant and of a Dutch lady of good family attached to the Court of the present Queen of Holland. Her father dying when she was only five years old, she was left heiress to a considerable property; and as, moreover, her personal attractions were great, she had no lack of suitors when she grew up, and those of the best birth and quality. But to all she turned a deaf ear. What could be the reason? Rumour, incredulous that the fair-haired beauty could

be insensible to the universal passion, whispered that she nourished a hopeless love for some unattainable prince, and that it was this which subsequently drove her, despairing into the wilderness. However that may be, two barons are said in the eagerness of their suit to have followed her to Khartum. Her earliest developed tastes were those of an Amazon. She delighted in taming horses, and sought nature in its most savage aspect. Her first journey of any length was to the North Pole. The Queen of Holland gave her introductions to many Courts of Europe, but she was bent on visiting the East, and made her first expedition there when in her eighteenth year. She then traversed Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, and seems at once to have succumbed to the fascination which those regions have exercised over the minds of European women as well as men. But it was not the love of rule which she sought to gratify, like Lady Hester Stanhope; nor was it the gasping desire for health, and the simple human sympathies which bound her to the East, like Lady Duff Gordon's; her passion was to solve the problem of Nile discovery. For this she resolved to turn African to the best of her power; adopted the Egyptian dress, surrounded herself with African servants, and engaged a eunuch for her protection. The native tribes of the interior imagined her to be a "lovely white shining daughter of the Sultan of Sultans, who, spending freely with both hands, and winning all hearts, came the whole way from Stamboul to visit the inhospitable further limits of her empire." And such is the legend which probably will be handed down among them for as many generations as are yet to pass until the sanguine dreams of future civilization may have their fulfilment. M. Gentz became acquainted with this singular damsel-errant on her return from her great expedition into the territory of the Gazelle River, on which expedition she had the misfortune of losing her mother and her aunt, who in their devotion had followed her adventurous steps. Her physician, Dr. Steudner, had also died from the effects of the climate; and Mdle. Tinné, bereaved and dispirited, retraced her steps to Cairo. But she assured M. Gentz that nothing should induce her to return to Europe, and she rejected the solicitations of her step-brother, who actually came from England to Cairo to escort her back. Her desire and intention was to build herself a residence either at Cairo or on the Nile island of Rhoda; and she was very busily occupied with architectural plans of a strange, fantastic character, when M. Gentz

met her for the last time in the Egyptian capital. Her plans of settling there did not meet with encouragement from the Egyptian Government, and it was in consequence of her inability to procure the land necessary for her purposes that she departed in her own steam-vessel to visit the African coasts of the Mediterranean. While on this voyage she put in at Civita Vecchia, whence she frequently visited Rome, and astonished the natives by her retinue of black dependants. Her project now was to journey from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, for which she endeavoured to obtain the assistance and companionship of the experienced African traveller, Gerard Rohlfs, then in Rome; but he had just been engaged to accompany the English expedition to Abyssinia. It was in the wild regions of the Sahara, between Mourzouk and Ghat, that Mdlle. Tinné met her fate. She had intended to remain at or near Ghat till the following autumn, previously to prosecuting her longer journey as far as to the territories of the Sultan of Bournou, living out in tents all the time in hope of recovering her strength. A casual quarrel between some camel drivers of the savage tribe of the Tuareg, and her own Dutch servants one morning, brought her to the scene of action, when a javelin was thrust through her from behind.

The actual addition to their knowledge which African geographers owe to Mdlle. Tinné was made in her expedition to the Gazelle River. They succeeded in ascertaining the position of the watershed which marks off the basin of the Western Upper Nile in this direction, and obtained vague cognizance of a central African inland sea, possibly larger than Lake Nyanza, situated at about the third degree of north latitude.

M. Gentz's account of his visit to Mdlle. Tinné at Cairo is picturesque and charac-

teristic. When he asked his way to her abode he was directed by the donkey boys, who all knew her well as the "Dutch countess," who made her dwelling almost a hospital for their animals when wounded or sick. The house itself was ruinous from without: through tortuous passages the visitor found himself in a court with three palm-trees in it; donkeys sunning themselves on stone steps, negro slaves, boys and girls, lying on the ground, big women from the Soudan adorning themselves with bits of broken window-glass, long-haired Nubian hounds, and an old white-bearded Berber who acted as porter. The lady, dressed in oriental mourning habits, and wearing an expression of deep sadness on her countenance, occupied a twilight saloon which had been an ancient harem, with marble floor and quaint eastern furniture. Her most interesting accessories, however, were the eighteen ethnographical specimens, children of different tribes of the interior, who had voluntarily followed her, in order to escape from the doom of slavery in their native homes.

It was told me (says the narrator) by a missionary who had met Mdlle. Tinné in the interior of Africa that she had often taken up a severely wounded slave on the animal on which she had been riding, and proceeded herself for hours long on foot, wading through deep marshes. Mdlle. Tinné was very compassionate. While I drew (he continues, speaking of his interview with her at Cairo) she sat in Arabian fashion, looking on the ground, and was never tired of telling me her experiences. The great marshy tracts of the Upper Nile regions had recalled the memories of her Dutch home. Again had the endless green flats on which her childish eye rested risen before her mind's eye. But she often felt that she had more than enough of green, and turned with longing to the thought of the yellow, parched-up deserts of the Sahara.

TORTURED by fierce experiences: consumed

Through fiery ordeal of implacable years:

Shut out from hope: beset with pains and fears;

Pierced by sharp thorns where roses should have bloomed:

Thy buried pangs exhumed and re-exhumed,

Without a single thought or sight that cheers,

How sad thy bitter lot! yet, he who steers

His bark above the grave where lie entombed,

In Time's deep sea, the fruits of vain desire,

Blighted ere ripe, may hold a nobler way;

And though rough storms about his course may fire

Their thunderbolts, and waves and winds may play

With his frail vessel like a toy, yet higher

Than storm and cloud and wind shall rise his

day.

Songs of a Wayfarer, by William Davis.

From The Examiner.

EARLY YEARS OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

It is impossible to find any fault with this book, and it is nearly as difficult to find anything particular in it to praise. The writer has stored up in his memory many kindly and minute reminiscences of Alexander Smith—an undoubted poet, who seems to us to have been rather hardly entreated by the reading public—and he has noted down these random recollections in an easy, gossipy, amiable fashion, which has just a trifle of dulness in its composition. That dulness we trace chiefly to the want of anything like incident in the story which Mr. Brisbane tells. Smith's early life was singularly uneventful, and, always apart from his one great ambition, remarkably commonplace. Constitutionally shy and timid, the author of the "Life-Drama" seems never to have been visited with those strange freaks of self-assertion and theatrical vapourings which have prefaced many a sober and thoughtful manhood. It is true, there are some letters quoted by Mr. Brisbane which show Smith, then a young man, aiming at a good deal of self-conscious fine writing; and, indeed, whoever has read Smith's poems will look with some curiosity on certain phrases and notions which are the rude germs of lines that subsequently became famous. As an instance of this we quote one letter—a very boyish production, for which one must make great allowances:

Monday Evening.

Dear Tom,—As we talked this night last week, a few stars were visible in my spirit sky; those visible looked dreary and cold. One has gone out since. Let it go. A star, "my life's star," burns, and *will* burn: when it sets I set.

Your letter, I need not say, was read with interest. You have my sincere thanks. You have been very frank with me of late; I will return you like for like. I will unclasp my soul to you, and you may read what I had hoped one day to have avowed proudly; or, that hope failing, to have buried it for ever—a dead hope in a dead heart.

You may recollect, on the evening which has given rise to this epistle, you made a guess as to what mine aspirations tended—you guessed poetry. I made some evasive answer. I could not then say "Ay." I can *now* say you guessed aright. It has been the seventh heaven of my aspirations for years; a passion running as deep as the aboriginal waters of my being. At the present moment the "passion poetry" standeth on the necks of all others like a king, and it will ultimately swallow them as the serpent of

Moses swallowed the serpents of the Egyptian magicians. It is with a feeling of humiliation I make this confession. I know not how you will receive it. I trust, however, you will do me justice in your thoughts; that you will not place me in the category with the D—s, K—s, J—s. I believe my spirit is something different from theirs—deeper and sincerer. I am unconscious of that pitiful vanity (the Alpha and Omega of their hopes) to see one's name in print; the immortality of five minutes in the "poet's corner." Above all, don't laugh or sneer, however much you may pity. I could bear sneers on this point from no one, least of all from you. I might keep silent, but I would suffer like a martyr in his shirt of fire. Believe me it's no laughing matter. Underneath those wide doming heavens, that ancient sun, those pitying stars, of all the miseries this is the chiefest—when one has the soul, blood; heart, pulses of an angel—all but the wings! This is egotism with a vengeance, but we are all egotists; and all we are, feel or see—this universe of souls, stars and suns, is but a sublime egotism of Deity.

You tell me you wish I should yet fill a pulpit: this may never be. I speak in sober sadness when I say I am unfit for public life. That fire once burnt brightly on the hearthstone of my heart—the flame flickered, waned, and died; a mighty wind scattered the red embers like autumn leaves; the hearthstone is now cold; I do not wish to fill a pulpit.

You may be inclined to ask, "What do you intend to do?" I might say, "nothing." To attempt to become a preacher is useless: incapacity *within*—without difficulties no capacity could overcome—prevent it. What I would like is just some way of living which would feed and cover this carcase, and allow much time to roam through book-world, and the world of my own spirit, like the new-born Adam in the new-born Eden. You may say this life I desire to lead will not be a useful one for my fellows. Granted! I do not intend to gird on an apron and become waiter to the world.

If you judge me by the length of my letter you may think me rather ungrateful. I am at the confessional, and, *certainly*, the confession is no pleasant task. I do not know, however, that anything more need be said. I have unbosomed myself as well as I could. I fear this night's work will lessen your esteem for me, as I have fallen somewhat in my own in the course of it. If it so be, I will be the only loser. Jog along, Tom; the road of life is rough, but the eternities are ahead. We will reach them soon.

Yours truly, A. SMITH.

Alexander Smith was born in Kilmarnock in 1830, and, while in his boyhood, was removed to Glasgow. His father was a designer, and such was the occupation to which Alexander was brought up. At a

*The Early Years of Alexander Smith. By the Rev. T. Brisbane. Hodder and Stoughton.

very early period of his history, however, literature seems to have won his allegiance; his tendencies in that direction being largely fostered by his becoming a member of a sort of small literary society which some lads had formed in Glasgow. Mr. Brisbane, having been himself a member, is rather proud of Smith's connection with the society, and claims for it the honour of having "produced" the poet. We have a suspicion, however, that men of Smith's ability and ambition manage to fight their way and find their level pretty much in defiance of conditions which may rise or lower men of less strength of will; and the inability of the Addisonian society to confer greatness on the other young men who, like Smith, had vague literary sympathies, would seem to show that as a poet-producing machine its power was limited. The people who did help Alexander Smith were one or two critics who took up his poems, and did them a cruel kindness by praising them most injudiciously. This premature trumpeting-forth of the arrival of a new poet only earned for Smith in after-days the reaction of an unmerited neglect; and people who were quite unable to judge of any kind of poetry, and who did not perceive that his later works were infinitely superior to the crude and rhetorical "Life-Drama," were at least justified in saying that the "City Poems" and "Edwin of Deira" showed a falling-away from the position which the poet, on the authority of his first critics, had gained. "Yet the "Life-Drama" contains some charming lyrics, many passages of noble description, and here and there a suggestive glimpse of character; while the latter poems, more mature in conception and more finished and beautiful in execution, ought to have given Smith a front rank among our minor poets. Undeserved praise, however, was followed by undeserved neglect; and the poet, with now and then an impulsive effort in the old direction, subsided into an essayist. Here his poetic sympathies served him in good stead; and there are passages to be found in his prose-writings which it would be difficult to surpass in the range of English prose literature. Smith continued an essayist to the end—indeed, his very last effort, if we mistake not, was an unfinished essay for the *London Review*—and would seem to have given up all thought of sustained poetical labour. They who are curious about the details of his early career may find something to interest them in this little book, which although it is the work of a friend, is written in an honest and impartial mood. We are not of opinion

that the world has much to do with the private life of its poets, and painters, and authors; and we have often to lament the unwise fashion in which, friends and relatives pander to a foolish curiosity, which delights in nothing so much as in learning the domestic habits, the peculiarities, and weaknesses, of its heroes. In the case of Alexander Smith there was nothing to conceal—he does not seem even to have been visited with those boyish follies which most biographers love to think characteristic of young genius. Mr. Brisbane writes in a kindly and temperate spirit, and does not make too much of his hero.

From The Field.

WONDERS OF THE GIBRALTAR CAVERNS.

FEW who visit Gibraltar know that the famous rock, now covered with human beings and diversified by streets, villas, and shady highways, bears intrinsic evidence of having at no very remote geological epoch been the abode of herds of elephants, rhinoceroses, wild boars, ibexes, leopards, and many other wild animals. Again, when wandering along its world-renowned galleries, among the great guns that guard the doorway of the Mediterranean, there may be few aware that their wonders are surpassed in point of interest and grandeur by some remarkable natural caverns and tunnels in their neighbourhood. Among the most remarkable are the famous St. Michael, Martin's, Fig Tree, and Genista caverns, situated at various levels between 100 and 700 ft. above the sea. The origin of these underground hollows is apparent. Occasioned in the first place by violent subterranean movements, they were subsequently opened out by the waves prior to the upheaval of this portion of the peninsula. So plentiful are they that it would seem there is scarcely a portion of the rock that is not traversed either by hollow fissures or caverns filled up with soil. Some of the largest descend from the surface in the form of great gaping rents, others proceed horizontally. In all we find chambers often fantastically ornamented by magnificent pillars of stalactite, which in the less crystalline state known as stalagmite covers the floors. Breaking through the latter, other and deeper chambers are discovered, and so on, forming a series of cavities where the antiquarian and geologist meet with treasures of great interest in connection with the ancient human and other occupants of this little fragment of Spain.

Vast quantities of human remains have been discovered in the deposits of the upper chambers, which were evidently used as sepulchres. Along with the above were finely-polished axes and knives of stone, fish-hooks of bone, and pottery, besides abundance of bones of sheep, oxen, rabbits, birds, and fishes, together with shells of edible marine and land mollusks. A fragment of a two-edged metal sword and a few copper ornaments were likewise met with on one occasion in the upper chambers. In the hands of the ethnologist and archaeologist these remains furnish evidences of a race of human beings of rather small stature and meagre muscular developments, but, craniologically speaking, not by any means of a low intellectual type. Moreover, although their sojourn on the rock must have been before the historical epoch, yet in point of civilization they were evidently superior to many savage races now occupying Central Africa, as testified by the artistic skill displayed on many of the articles and the fact of possessing domesticated animals. The presence of stone implements and animals along with the human remains was doubtless in connection with the funeral rites, as no indication is presented of the caves having been inhabited by human beings. Thus these bone caverns have disclosed the existence of man on the extreme south-western point of Europe at a period far beyond the first faint traces of his literary evidences.

We now come to consider what other testimonies are furnished by the deeper chambers. These, as a matter of course, appertain to still more remote epochs, and were sealed up in the usual manner by soil, or drippings of water charged with lime, thus forming the stalagmite and stalactite already noticed, which exist more or less in all limestone caverns. It may be here pointed out that the animals associated with man in the upper chambers belonged to wild or domesticated races now living on the rock; whereas the lower furnish no traces of man, their fauna being either now extinct everywhere, or else repelled to remote regions, with only a very few indigenous survivors to be presently noticed. Among the many interesting animal relics discovered in the lower chambers were two species of rhinoceros. Some years since a tooth of the extinct elephant (*E. antiquus*) turned up on the rock. Remains of deer are abundant, and two species of wild boars. A huge ox, perhaps the famous aurochs, has left traces of its presence among the other exuviae, together with teeth and bones of the wild horse, ibex,

and brown hyena, the latter at the present day being unknown north of Natal. Add to the above the African leopard, lynx, and serval, all associated with remains of the badger, fox, hare, rabbit, and rat.

Now one of the striking peculiarities in connection with all excepting the human remains is the very fragmentary condition and scattered manner in which the bones are met with, as if they had been lying on the surface and were washed pell-mell into the gaping rents from time to time by rain, and afterwards sealed up by soil and drippings from the roof and sides of the caves and fissures. This conjecture may be further strengthened by the circumstance that many of the bones present the cracked surfaces observed in such as have lain bleaching in the sun for a length of time. At all events, there can be no question that these animals lived and died on the rock—indeed, so numerous are the remains of some species, more particularly of the ibex, that in one cave alone there turned up several hundred individual specimens, and the petrified dung of the hyena was also plentiful. It may be observed that the absence in the upper chambers of the majority of the animals met with in the lower vaults may be accounted for in two ways—either that they had been exterminated before the upper chambers were formed, or they may have existed with man, but were not considered eligible by him for his funeral rites. No doubt the remains of the upper and lower chambers represent vast epochs in the history of this fragment of the Iberian peninsula, and that there was a time when the African lynx, leopards, &c. wandered over Southern Europe—when the wild horse, Barbary stag, and fallow deer housed on the cliffs of Gibraltar. Now all have disappeared, save the badger, fox, rabbit, and hare, which still linger on the scene. The shattered condition of the strata, depressed or elevated as the case may be, attest the force and extent of the subterranean movements which rent Europe and Africa in twain. When this took place cannot be ascertained definitely; but, from a consideration of the rock, its cavern fissures, and their contents, we may justly conclude that the lower chambers were filled prior to the advent of man, who thus, judging solely from negative evidence, did not appear on the scene until after the straits were opened out. At least such would appear from the data yet obtained. Although imperfect, they still, when read by the light of scientific research, furnish remarkable proofs of the ancient occupants of Gibraltar, far anterior to the first feeble rays of history.